

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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No. 190.—VOL. 7.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

PRICE 2½D.—STAMPED, 3½D.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

It is not easy to determine the right of precedence among the half-a-dozen questions which occupy, at present, the readers of newspapers. The really important work of the day is being done *sub rosa*, and we shall not be able to discuss it fully till the session begins.

Our attention is naturally given, first, to matters especially British. The news from India indicates an early opening of the campaign, and already several engagements have taken place with the usual result in our favour. The rebels hold together more loosely, and fight worse than at any time since the mutiny; and, generally, the tone of the correspondence shows that, except for certain uneasy feelings about the Sikhs, public opinion in India is very hopeful. The movements of regiments to and fro prove that whether Sikh treachery is probable or not, it is always provided against to the best of our means. With this knowledge, the general public must rest content; for as to whether the Sikhs *will* mutiny or not, how many people's opinion on that point can possibly be worth anything? For years to come, it is evident that we must keep every soldier we can spare in India, till some new order of things arises, some new hold is assumed over the Indian mind by our policy. Victories prepare the way for the respect and confidence of a population, but it is a continuous good policy alone that organises their opinion in favour of the conquerors.

Meanwhile, Mr. Russell returns so markedly in his letters to the subject of the treatment of the natives by the British, that it is evident that the abuse must be tolerably glaring. Brutal ferocity towards everybody with a dark skin seems to characterise many of the Indian public and Indian press. We have before said that, in the case of officers, Government can check this; and that, proceeding downwards, the civilising influence may possibly reach indigo-planters and other haters of the "nigger" in time. Now that the worst danger is over, there need be no delicacy hereabout Anglo-Indian faults, or about misgovernment of any kind, and, from all accounts, there seems plenty of room for reform. In fact, the great difficulty in settling the disturbed provinces arises from the condition to which we have reduced whole classes of the people by errors of administration. And while the evil is being inquired into—and a difficult task it is—just fancy fresh difficulties being thrown in the way of legislators by the mere mental coarseness and violence

of private individuals! We expect to see public opinion declare itself soon on this point in an unceremonious fashion.

It is rather ominous that we should have to wander from Indian grievances to Greek grievances—from the complaints of Hindoos to the complaints of Ionians. Is it that we are a bad governing people, and that the loss of America, the discontent of our colonies, and their eager adoption of different institutions from ours, are all parts of our system? Hardly, we hope; and in the case of these Ionians, who have had Mr. Gladstone sent out to make a special inquiry into their complaints, we confess that our consciences are tolerably easy. There have been blunders in our treatment of them, no doubt; for, like most other appointments, the Commissionership of the Ionian Islands has been sometimes jobbed; but the sorrows of the Greeks are not like those of a people whose system of land-tenure has been revolutionised, or their private life made grievous by irrational taxation. Their sorrows are politico-sentimental; though it is chiefly owing to England that there exists a kingdom of Hellas for them to desire a junction with. They want to be "free"—not from persecution, or coercion, or restraint, but from a political occupancy which they find undignified. It is, perhaps, a legitimate result of the Phil-Hellene agitation of the last age, but we can assure its promoters that they have a different public to deal with now.

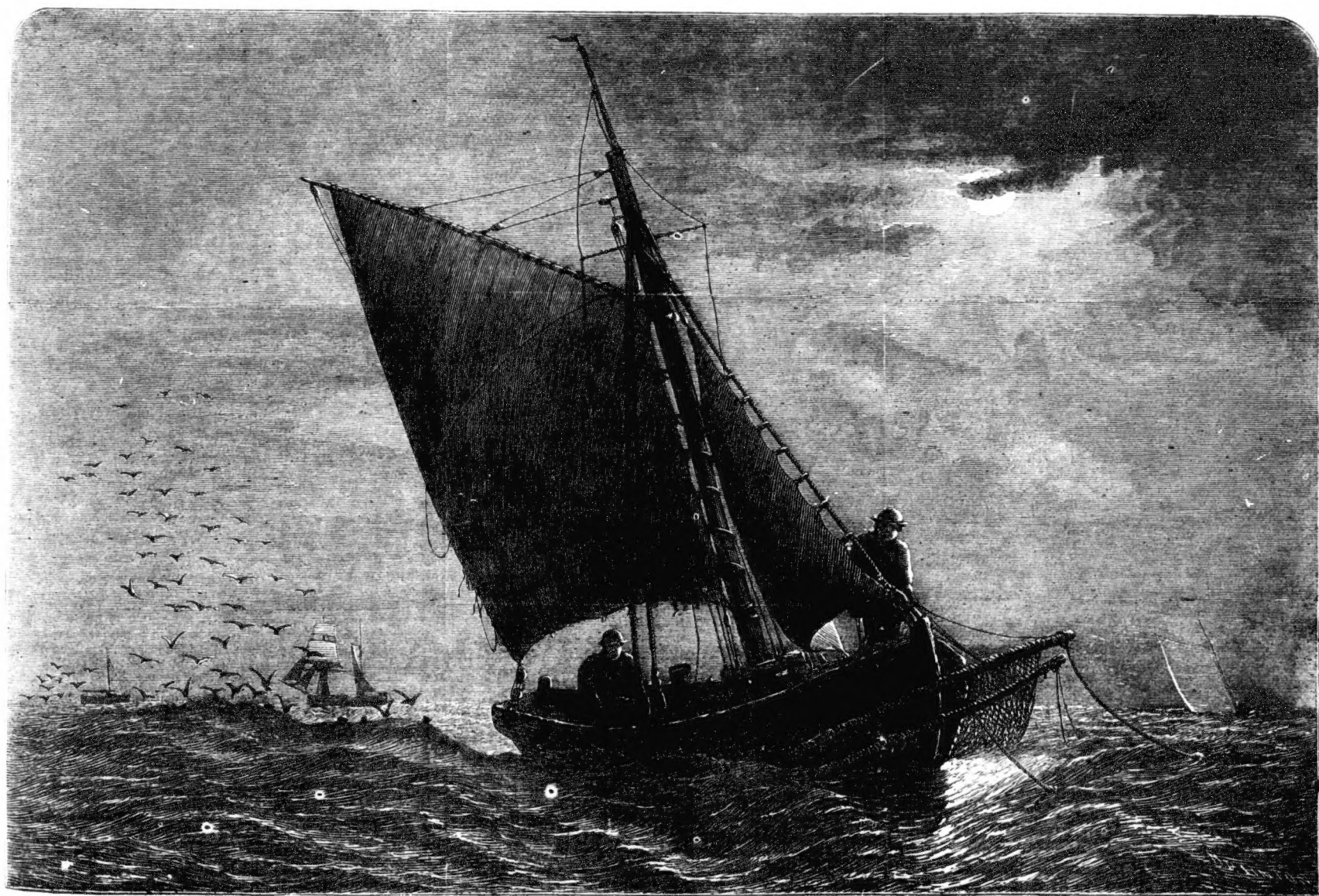
The prosaic truth simply is that Britain is much less "philanthropic" and ideal in this kind of political line than she used to be. So many "Constitutions" have blown up, so many very fine nationalities have disappointed her, that she has become downright practical at last. With Greece hanging to the tail of the Great Russian Bear, she can afford no more such constitutional kettles; and we want to know what better claim the people of those Ionian Islands have to what they ask than the Welsh to Britain? we do not say than the Poles to Poland, for *they* kept up a modern kingdom to quite modern times, and if a wish could bring them back to it (somewhat improved in their notions of government) England *would* bring them back. But when were our present friends, the Ionians, ever free—having been for centuries the prey of Normans, Venetians, and anybody who wanted them? *They* are not the classic Greeks, who were a small population compared with the slave population under them, and whose blood has been long drowned in that of half-a-dozen other populations since. But if they were?—history has

its times. The Jews (with a better pedigree) wait for a supernatural restoration to *their* kingdom. There must, in fact, be some time beyond which we do not count in such matters; just as a certain length of unopposed possession creates a right to property, and bars older claims. We cannot shake the politics of Europe, because some very ordinary tribes *may*, perhaps, have a little of the blood of a race that had once considerable power in the Mediterranean, and produced writers nearly as great as Shakspeare.

Corfu is a most important point to our position in the Mediterranean. It gives us a check on Russia and on Austria; and is a link in the great chain that we oppose in the south to the ambition of France. The islands classed with it group naturally into one system, whether we look at geography or politics; and abandoning them, how long would Corfu itself be content with our Government? In what perplexities would such a measure involve us with the other great Powers? We sincerely trust that no such step will be ventured on, nor do we think that it will. Mr. Gladstone's mission is a pledge to the Ionians that we mean to give them fair play, and as such is very proper. He will hear their complaints, and report on them. Parliament will discuss them. Let us then send out the best Commissioners we can find, and make what reforms we can, but not entertain for an instant a change which would rob England of *prestige*, fill Europe with bickering, and precipitate the settlement of the Eastern Question.

It is premature, while we write, to anticipate the results of the Montalembert trial. But it is a sufficient subject for comment that it should ever have been decided on, and though purely a French question in its essence, we are certainly concerned in its effects. How the French may choose to be governed, is their own affair. They never had liberty of our kind, and perhaps never will. But in proportion as their despotisms grow base, they will hate freedom, and while freedom is hated England does well to take care of herself. Here, however, it is our duty to stop. We are not called on to intervene, though it is funny to see papers writing as if we almost were, that they my embarrass Lord Derby, who were all for doing nothing when a downright interference, not with Montalembert, but ourselves, was tolerated at Napoleon's hands by Lord Palmerston.

The reform movement, as far as *public* movement goes, proceeds but slowly. The late Manchester meeting was very in-



THE BRITISH FISHERIES, NO. 3: STOW BOATS FISHING FOR SPRATS.—(DRAWN ON THE SPOT, BY G. W. ANDREWS.)

ferior in weight and prominence to the old meetings which made that town so potent and formidable. There is some sort of approach visible now and then to a greater harmony between the middle-class and working-class politicians than there used to be; but both seem to confine themselves at present to mere generalities. They do not consider that a Parliament is a working machine, not a machine to be looked at; and that if we can repair it now and then, that is the great thing, without opening the whole question of machinery in the abstract every time we touch a cog. Thus the question, whether we can get voters enough to represent fairly the trades, occupations, properties, &c., of the whole country, is surely more important than the question whether every man is born with an abstract right to vote. Yet the last question is always the favourite one; probably as permitting a more discursive range of eloquence, and a greater neglect of details. For our own part, we see that more voters must be created, and that several boroughs ought to go. But we persist in thinking that if interests are fairly represented, numbers have no right to complain; that a fair proportion, for instance, say of the leather trade, would, whenever they met, be fit to be entrusted with whatever concerned that trade; and that, in the same way, in politics, the political interests of a county or borough may be committed to a well-defined portion of the whole. Our orators should deal practically with a question like this, and tell their audiences explicitly, how the possession of a universal right to vote would have saved them from any definite grievance or evil that they remember in their own lives.

BRITISH FISHERIES. NO. 3.—SPRAT-CATCHING.

The sprat was formerly looked upon as being a young herring, but that was a popular error; although it is at the present time called the "garvie" herring in Scotland; neither is it a pilchard, as some have supposed. The sprat differs from both herrings and pilchards in having the abdomen strongly serrated, while the latter fish have it quite smooth. Sprats have been caught of eight inches in length, but the general size of a full-grown fish is about six inches in length, and one in depth, with a dark-blue back, and white belly, reflecting a good deal of green. They are taken chiefly along the east coast of England, and as low down as the Firth of Forth; they are also taken upon the Irish coast between Belfast and Cork, but seldom upon the coasts of the south of England—they are most abundant on the coast of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent.

The movements of shoal-fish are always extremely uncertain; sometimes being caught in large quantities in a particular place for several seasons running, then leaving it, and, after two or three years' absence, returning as numerous as ever. This has been particularly the case with sprats of late years, and the supply consequently has been very uncertain and short, the last two winters especially.

Formerly, they were caught in large quantities in the River Thames as high up as Purfleet, but the stow-boats now chiefly fish about in the estuary of the Thames from the Nore eastward. They commence in November, and continue to catch them until February, with more or less success—sometimes taking scarcely a bushel at a haul, and at other times in such immense quantities, that the fishermen cannot find a market for them, and are therefore obliged to sell them for manure. In the year 1829 it was difficult to obtain 6l. per bushel for them, and numbers of boats went up the River Medway to Maidstone to sell the sprats to the hop growers. Most of the hop-gardens in Kent got such a dressing of sprats that year, that the effect was visible in the crops for several seasons after.

Sprats are excellent eating when dried, and are much more commonly sold in that state now than formerly. The flesh is of excellent quality, but their small size is of course, much against their getting into general use; neither do they answer well when cured as anchovies are cured, as their bones are insoluble in the lime. Very large quantities are, however, sold for anchovies, and also used for making the fish-sauce called the "Essence of anchovy."

The manner in which sprats are taken is peculiar—the practice is called "Stow-boating."

The boats which carry on this business are the smaller class of fishing vessels, from ten to twenty-five tons burden. Their plan of operation is to sink down, under the bottom of the vessel, a large net, formed into the shape of a long-pointed bag, having a very large mouth at one end, and running off to a point at the other; the meshes of this net get smaller as they near the small end, where they are so small that everything is secured. Stow-boat fishing was considered to be so destructive to all kinds of other fish, as turbot and soles, that a committee of the House of Commons, which sat upon a fishing subject some years since, especially recommended that the practice be forbidden, unless a net of a fixed minimum sized mesh be used. Nothing, however, was done in the matter, and stow-boating has gone on in the old way ever since; and certain it is that, where turbot were formerly caught on the English coasts some years since, not one by any chance is ever found there now.

Considerable skill is required to move and fish with a stow-boat net. The manner of using it is as follows:—At the wide end of the net are two horizontal beams, a lower one about twenty feet long, and an upper one (a foot shorter) suspended about six fathoms above the lower. To these two beams, or, as they are generally called, "balks," the net is fixed, the mouth of the net thus formed is twenty feet wide and thirty-six feet high. From this it gradually tapers for over a hundred feet of length, varying in size of mesh towards the small end.

The first part is very open, and is called the wide; farther in the mesh lessens and is then called the enters; further on is the hose, where the fish are stopped, and from there to the point are the sleeves, of so fine a mesh that the smallest fry is detained.

The vessel must, of course, be brought to an anchor before this net can be spread; accordingly a stout hawser of not less than seventy fathoms is laid out. At about twenty fathoms from the stock of the anchor four ropes are made fast, which extend from that point to the four ends of the beams before described. These ropes are to keep the mouth of the net square, to that the tide may run freely through; the beams are also secured by ropes extending from their outer ends to the vessel's bows. There is also a strong rope which runs through an iron ring at the middle of the upper beam, and is made fast to the middle of the lower one; this is for the purpose of bringing the two beams together, and so closing the net when it is required to be raised.

Although the fore part of the net is kept down by the beams that extend it, the other end floats to the surface of the water, and as the mass of fish generally enclosed in it are there pretty much exposed, it is usual to see astern of the stow-boat an immense flock of gulls and other sea-birds, helping themselves to such fish as they can pull through the meshes of the net. The stow-boat fisherman is generally guided to the locality of the fish by observing where the birds congregate. A dull foggy night is considered the most favourable for fishing, and should the fish run in a strong tide-way, as many as a hundred bushels may be taken at a single haul.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The Atlantic Telegraph Cable remains in almost the same inactive and lethargic condition as ever. The electrical staff at Valentia have been removed to London, and the working business of the company has, pro tem, been placed under the superintendence of Mr. Henley, whose magneto-electric machine has lately been used upon the line with such good effect. In accordance with his recommendation, we believe, the company are about to despatch one of those large magneto-electric instruments to Newfoundland, for the purpose of putting to a practical test the accuracy of the general opinion that, owing to the peculiar nature of the fault, messages can be sent from Newfoundland with much greater facility than they can from Europe. Notwithstanding the apparently hopeless aspect of the case, there are still many who hold out the most sanguine hopes of being able to render the cable again available as a means of communication.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The trial of M. de Montebello is postponed to the 24th instant. We are told that the seizure of the "Correspondant" at the publisher's office produced a body of only four copies, the other 24000 having all gone into the hands of subscribers to the "Correspondant," and are now selling for 10fr. a copy.

The French Court is at Compiègne engaged in festivities, but there is no reason to suppose that frivolity consumes all the time there. Some persons will conclude that the visit of Lord Clarendon, who has left London for Compiègne, and of Lord Palmerston, who has also received an invitation, has greater significance than appears on the surface.

There being a vacant seat in the Nièvre, M. Bonabeau, who was defeated by the Government at the last election, addressed himself to the five independent members of the Corps Legislatif, for advice as to the course he should pursue. These gentlemen (Messrs. Emile Ollivier, Jules Favre, Picard, Darimon, and Henon) replied as follows:—"You ask us what should be your attitude at the coming election? You must stand. As long as a Constitution leaves us any rights we should make use of them. Abstention is a mistake. As to your programme, it should be reduced to one point—Liberty. Without liberty a nation cannot have either security, greatness, material prosperity, or dignity. Appeal to all lovers of liberty without regard to their antecedents, and they will vote for you."

Several Jews have been appointed members of the General Council in Algeria. The Emperor and Prince Napoleon concur in thinking it useful and opportune to manifest by an act of the Government that the equality of religious beliefs is absolute and complete in the French law.

SPAIN.

The Riff pirates have made their submission to Brigadier Bueta, commandant of the Spanish possessions on the coast of Africa.

The Captain-General of Cuba has despatched a naval division to Tampico and Vera Cruz to demand the reimbursement of the sums extorted from the Spaniards, the restoration to liberty of those who had been arrested.

General Concha has been nominated President of the Senate.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria, accompanied by the ministers Bruck and Bach, has gone to Prague, where they say the Regent of Prussia will meet him. It is supposed that the two sovereigns will try to come to an understanding on some general features of home and foreign policy with regard to a more united and national action of the different German States.

The introduction in Austria of a new monetary law has caused such serious perturbations in the commercial relations of the country, that the Government has considered it necessary to interdict the journals from making any remark on the subject.

The Servian Government lately contracted with a Belgian firm for a supply of Minie rifles. The Austrian ministry has taken the unusual measure of applying to these weapons, the property of a regular government, the recent order forbidding the exportation of warlike material to Servia.

PRUSSIA.

Prussia is very busy with the elections, which, so far as they are known, are almost all in favour of the new Government.

The young Prince Frederick-William was introduced to his father's political friends, at a Cabinet Council recently, and declared himself in a way which leaves no doubt that he too joins in the Liberal policy of his father. The new Ministers are inclined to increase the budget for the army as well as the navy of Prussia.

The Minister of the Interior, M. Flotwell, has prohibited the circulation of the Swiss paper, the "Bund," throughout the whole of Prussia. The Minister invokes the law on the press, which, when one copy of a foreign newspaper has been once seized, authorises the Minister of the Interior to prohibit it altogether. A copy of the "Bund" had been formerly seized.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor has just sanctioned the rules of a new society which has been formed, with a capital of 200,000 roubles, for the navigation of the Volga.

It appears, too, that the Russians have just placed a steamer, composed of steel plates, and manufactured in England, on the Kuban river, for the express purpose of keeping up their military communications on a better footing. Hitherto they have used wagons. The steamer, if successful, is to be followed by five others. As the Kuban divides Russia from independent Circassia, the important bearing of this new enterprise upon the fate of the free tribes of the Caucasus will be at once seen. The Circassians are blockaded on the Black Sea; they will now be shut in on the Kuban. While these measures are in progress there are seventy steamers on the Caspian, and the Russians are making the greatest efforts to divert our trade with Persia from Turkish to Russian territory.

ITALY.

The Piedmontese Parliament will meet on the 3rd of January. The Cavour Cabinet counts upon almost universal support. There is a rumour in Piedmont that the Russians design to purchase the little principality of Monaco (on the shores of the Mediterranean), which we recently described, in an article with illustrations.

According to advices from Naples the property of the exiles or emigrants, which was sequestered, has been confiscated by a royal decree, and will be distributed amongst the Communies. But a royal rescript, said to be due in the initiative to M. Pionatti, director at the Ministry of Pardon and Justice, re-establishes the system of trial of prisoners with a public defence, which was abolished several years ago.

Pius IX. has hurled a bull of excommunication against Henry Loos, the Jansenist Archbishop of Utrecht, and against all who took any part in his election or consecration, by deed, counsel, or consent. Archbishop Loos has testified his obedience to the Pope and demands his apostolic benediction.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

The Governor of Jeddah has been dismissed. An agreement has been come to between Montenegro and the Porte, by which the lamentable complications we have witnessed of late are put an end to. The Porte, however, demands an indemnity from the Montenegrins for the damages caused in the valley which they ravaged.

At Tripoli, Alexandretta, Aleppo, and elsewhere, considerable fermentation is betrayed. Tripoli has been placed in a state of siege.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe reached Athens on the 2nd of November. Mr. Thos. Wyse presented him, and he dined with King Otho.

AMERICA.

A DESPATCH, dated Washington, October 31st, published in the "New York Herald," states that the English and French Governments have addressed a formal note to the United States Government, announcing their determination to force the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, as understood by them, in protecting the company organised by M. Bely, for the construction of the inter-oceanic mail across the Isthmus of Nicaragua.

President Buchanan has issued a proclamation warning citizens against joining the filibustering expedition preparing against Nicaragua under Walker, and enjoining all officers of government to vigilance in repressing these illegal enterprises.

The yellow fever epidemic at New Orleans has ceased.

CHINA.

The China news is insignificant. The Earl of Elgin awaits at Shanghai the arrival of the Commissioners for arranging the tariff, and as these gentlemen did not leave Peking until the middle of August, their appearance was not looked for until the first week in October. Trade with Canton had been recommenced in some measure.

THE INDIAN REVOLT.

The following telegram was received at the India House on Monday—

"Allahabad, Oct. 19. The following events have occurred in Oude since the 15th of October:—The rebels had a ransack on Sandella with 12,000 men and twelve guns. Captain Dawson entered a fortified enclosure with 100 police infantry, sending back his 300 cavalry to Malabar. On the 10th of October the rebels were driven out of Sandella, losing 2000 and 100 men killed. On the 8th a column sent from Lucknow drove the rebels at Zamoor, near Sandella, and routed them, taking 2000 guns. The pursuit was kept up for ten miles, and 1300 rebels were killed. Our loss, Europeans, two officers, and seven privates wounded. Police, four killed and forty-four wounded. On the 5th of October, Brigadier Evelyn encountered a body of rebels at Meerghat, near the Cawnpore road, took two guns, and killed and wounded 200 men. Our loss trifling.

"The Kapoor-thella Contingent have again distinguished themselves in an attack on the town of Bundoor, near Bairaam Ghaut, on the Gorga River; 400 of the rebels were killed, without any loss on our side.

"A strong column, under Brigadier Wetherall, is being formed at Saroon, in the Allahabad district, on the left bank of the Ganges, and will advance into Oude immediately.

"The districts of Benares, Jounpore, Mirzapoor, and Azimghur are quiet; the northern frontier of Azimghur is, however, still threatened from Oude. The Ghazepore district is generally quiet, but a few sepoys are still hanging about the village of Burragion.

"The rebels, who had again advanced on Bansee, were driven off, and the country east of Bansee is now in a great measure cleared of rebels. The territory bordering on Gueh (?) continues to be disturbed.

"The Rohilund Division continues quiet, with the exception of the northern frontier of Shahjehanpore, which suffers from occasional runs by the Oude rebels. A force from Shahjehanpore, under Sir T. Sutor, encountered a body of rebels at the village of Bangamoon, on the Oude frontier, on the 8th of October, took two guns out of three, and killed 300 men. Our loss about twelve killed and wounded. On the same day another body of rebels attacked Poween, but were repulsed.

"The Azra, Meerut, and Kumaon Divisions are quiet.

"Jhansi has been generally quiet; but the approach of Tantia Toppe, who was last heard of on the banks of the Betwa, on the borders of the Sullutpore district, has caused great uneasiness. Captain Fenton, the Deputy Commissioner of Sullutpore, has had to abandon his district and fall back on Jhansi. It appeared uncertain whether Tantia Toppe would move in the direction of Jhansi.

"The Jubalpoor Division tolerably quiet.

"On the 2nd of October Tantia Toppe attacked and took Enaghar. The troops of Sindiah, who held the place, are believed to have been trampled with the rebels. The post of Thundegree, in the Jhansi division, was attacked by a portion of Tantia Toppe's force from the 7th to the 9th of October. The rebels were beaten off by the garrison, which was composed of Sindiah's troops, and retreated to Steel (?) ten miles off. On the 9th of October General Michel surprised a division of the rebels under the Banda Nawab at Mongrenlie (?), killing 150 of them and taking six guns. The Rao Sahib is said to have gone towards Jhansi with another division.

"The King of Delhi left Zeenat Mahul, and Aunru Bux left Delhi on the 10th of October, under escort of her Majesty's 9th Lancers, a troop of horse artillery, and a police battalion.

"A party of sepoys were attacked near Doondoon, in the Arrah District, and about thirty men killed. Our loss, two officers:—Captain Nason, Military Train; Captain Douglas, Madras Cavalry—killed."

To this message we have a supplement as follows:—

"Bombay, Oct. 25.

"A force was despatched from Sullutpore on the 29th of October to Dampoor, where it completely defeated the Nussurabad rebels' brigade, taking three guns, three elephants, and all the enemy's materials. The fort of Burrah was taken on the 21st. The British loss on these occasions amounted to about forty wounded and a few killed.

"The Deputy-Magistrate of Sassaram reports that the column under Colonel Turner, in Benares, engaged a body of the enemy at the village of Baja (?), Captain Sir H. Havelock at the same time pressing their rear with his cavalry. The enemy was completely routed, losing 500 in killed; the British, one officer killed and two wounded, and seven or eight men killed and wounded.

"On the 9th of October the Mhow field force, under the command of Major-General Michel, surprised, near the town of Mongrenlie, a body of the Gwalior rebels, numbering from 4,000 to 5,000 strong, and utterly defeated them, taking their six guns; the British loss very trifling. On the 12th of October the force under Brigadier Smith joined that of Major-General Michel, and on the 19th the combined force came upon the enemy, 10,000 strong, at Saiswa (?), south-east from Chundalee, and totally routed him, with a loss of 500 killed and all his guns. The enemy fought fiercely. The British loss very slight. The fugitives have fled it is supposed to Behut, on the right side of the river Betwa. A force from Jhansi covers the approaches to Tehree. Maun Singh is reported to have plundered Ramgorah, near Goonah, on the 18th of October. The following cavalry reinforcements have arrived in Central India:—The Guzerat and Guicowar Horse, under Captain Buckle, reached Sarumpore on the 20th of October, and continued their march. On the same day Lieut. Ker, with the Southern Mahratta Horse, will be at Bilhla. On the 25th of October Major Learmouth, with a squadron of her Majesty's 17th Lancers, was on the road to Goonah. The remainder of this regiment, under Colonel Benson, arrived this morning at Mhow, together with the 5th troop Royal Horse Artillery. They proceed towards Goonah to-morrow.

"Metaram, the leader of the rebel Bheels, in Kandeish, was killed on the 8th of October by a party of Holkar's cavalry, under the orders of Captain Keating."

LORD CLYDE'S NEW CAMPAIGN.

Lord Clyde was to re-open the campaign as soon as the cold weather set in. The object of the campaign is not to defeat the enemy and break his power, for that is done; it is to surround, to entrap, and to destroy as a military force a great number of little detached armies, each of which is powerless by itself against the smallest of our columns, but which in the aggregate compose a vast array of rebels; and, though they no longer threaten our power, may keep the country through which they range in disorder for months or years. Every few miles there is a rebel camp, with a force varying perhaps from a thousand men to more than ten times that number. A short summary of the principal bands Lord Clyde and his lieutenants will have to destroy is sufficient for the general reader. At Chirda, near the foot of the Himalayas, are Nena Sahib and Balabar, his brother, with 13,000 men of all arms and 20 guns. About fifteen miles east of Shahjehanpore is Khan Bahadur Khan, Nawab of Bareilly, with a considerable force, though probably far inferior to that of the Nena. At Khyrabad are 2,200 infantry, 300 cavalry, and 7 guns. Along the banks of the Ganges, from Farruckabad to near Cawnpore, are the little armies of feudal chiefs; at a place called Sandee, for instance, there are 600 infantry, 300 cavalry, 3 guns; at Tholepore, 2,000 men, 4 guns; at Belgraon, 2,500 men, 2 guns; at Birwa, 3,000 men, 12 guns; at one place we have 3,000 men "of all sorts," while at another there are 250 sepoys and one gun as representatives of the rebellion. Some of the largest bodies are more to the east, on the banks of the Gogra. At Boudsee is the Begum with 6,500 men of all sorts and 5 guns; at Fattaypore and Bithlae are 11,000 men and 10 guns; and a few miles from them 3,000 more. Further east we have, opposite Fyzabad, on the other side of the river, 6,000 Zemindaree men, while our ally, as we must now call him, Maun Singh, supports our garrison with his following. At Parsidepore are 3,000 infantry of all sorts, 1,200 cavalry, and 10 guns; at Amalee is Rajah Lall Madro Singh with 1,900 infantry, 22 guns, and 3 mortars. We might continue this Homeric catalogue, but the foregoing is enough to give a notion of what the enemy is like. It is evident that the force opposed to us is very considerable in the aggregate; but it is equally plain

is no master mind, or even a common spirit, to unite these independent levies; that they consist chiefly of the ill-armed and ill-disciplined tribes of the hill-country, and that they are not to be trusted in the possession of the rebels is large; but it has been shown after action that they are unable to assist them with their artillery, and are really almost an assistance to us, as their movements.

THE KING OF BOHIA.

The "Illustrated Times" publishes an interesting document. It is a copy of a letter from the King of Bohia, but it is not supposed to have been issued by the King of Bohia, but by a French agent, and it contains a list of "grievances" of a very general character than are usually found in rebel proclamations. Its main object is to invite Hindoo and Mahomedan to the rebellion. The Zemindars are appealed to. The land-tax, which is exorbitant, the estates are sometimes put up to auction, and are sold by a common rascal, a maid-servant, or a slave. They are also subject to ransoms for roads, schools, hospitals, &c. Under the present arrangement, none of these things were to happen. Then, merchants and traders, who are the backbone of the country, are taxed and taxed with tolls, &c., what remains. Under the King's government, trade shall be open to native merchants, and their merchandise shall be conveyed in Government steam-vessels and carriage. Thirdly, natives who seek public service are told that all the offices, civil and military, are monopolised by Englishmen. Then, the King says, it is evident that the Europeans, by the introduction of their articles into India, have thrown the weavers, the cotton-spinners, the carpenters, the blacksmiths, and the shoemakers, &c., out of their occupations, and have engrossed their occupations, so that every descriptive artisan has been reduced to beggary. But under the King's government, the native artisans will exclusively be employed in the services of the kings, the rajahs, and the rich; and this will no longer ensure their prosperity. Fundists and Fakirs are promised rents of lands.

LORD REDCLIFFE ON THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

The railway in Turkey—the line, seventy miles long, between Smyrna and Adin—has been partially opened, and Lord Stratford had, on the 30th, the foundation stone of the Smyrna station. A dinner followed the ceremony, and Lord Stratford delivered a speech, in which he described the position of the Turkish empire, and lays down what he considers the duty of England towards it. It is the interest of England, he says, more than of any other Power, that the strength of Turkey should not decline, nor a despairing policy be adopted in the East, which might bring on the fierce struggle of partition. "I need not tell you, gentlemen," said he, "that Europe has more at stake in the regeneration of Turkey. Western civilization is knocking hard at the gates of the Levant, and if it be not allowed to win its way into regions where it has hitherto been admitted only gradually, it is but too capable of forcing the passage and asserting its claims with little regard for anything but their satisfaction. The ambition of one Power and the fear of another may easily give point and direction to this prevailing tendency, and in times of change and extreme any incidental circumstance may serve far sooner than we can bring on, not indeed the peaceable solution of what is engaged in, but the 'Eastern Question,' but that fierce struggle of power which our ablest statesmen have long endeavoured to avert." Without speaking hopefully of the regeneration of Turkey, the ambassador dwelt strongly on the slow progress of all great national growth, and the difficulties it has to encounter, and he recommended perseverance and the infusion of English capital and enterprise into Turkey. "At all events," he said, "it is due to the honour and glory of Europe that promises solemnly promulgated and recorded in formal treaties should not remain a dead letter, that the treasure and blood expended in her name for the vindication of Turkish rights should be an idle sacrifice, and that the declared admission of Turkey into the great European family should be felt by the Ottoman Government as a reality in its obligations as well as in its benefits."

A STOLEN LIGHT ON MR. GLADSTONE'S MISSION.

Some despatches from Sir John Young, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, have appeared in an ill-timed and surreptitious manner. It appears that as far back as the summer of last year Sir John wrote home stating that the free Parliament had become inappreciable; and he takes the liberty to add, that "England is in a position in the Ionian Islands, and the islands are too widely separate, and their interest too distinct, ever to become a homogeneous whole under foreign auspices." Altogether, then, he advises in the plainest terms, that the protectorate over five of the islands—Zante, Cephalonia, Santa Maura, and Cerigo—shall be given to the islands declared part of the neighbouring kingdom of Greece. In return for this concession to the desire of the people, he says that we might convert Corfu and Paxos into Crown colonies, with a form of administration as might seem best fitted to places remote from military purposes.

But the Government should publish such despatches at the moment when Mr. Gladstone had set out on his embassy, thus betraying its policy, and neutralising his action, to say nothing of the encouragement and the knowledge of the Lord High Commissioner's sentiments to give to Greek impudence and Greek intrigue, astonished everybody when, lo! it comes out that the despatches were "published without the knowledge or sanction of the Government, direct or indirect."

When they did become public it was explained by the Editor of the "Daily News":—"The documents referred to were sent to us under the seal of an official envelope, with a request for their publication, by a person communicating his name and address. On inquiry, it was ascertained that that name and address were genuine; and the person communicating them again placed them unconditionally at our disposal. The despatches of Sir John Young were accompanied by other papers, which an equal importance is attached by the Colonial-office. On being made aware that despatches had been published without the sanction of the Government, we withheld the remaining documents from publication, and have since handed them over to the Colonial-office. We hope 'the person' will be severely trounced for his pious."

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.—Mr. W. H. Russell in his latest letter from India says:—"I tremble for the effect that may be produced on those young Englishmen who may arrive during this frenzy in this country to act as its rulers or its administrators. There are some voices raised, but they are heard in the tumult, against the insolence, the cruelty, and the folly which many of our countrymen have been urged by the sanguinary excesses of the contest in which they have been engaged. The 'grill' will now be substituted in a school whose lessons are very different from those of the Anglo-Indian society before the mutiny and the rebellion. He who has natives spoken of almost universally as 'niggers,' with prefixes of 'good' or 'bad,' referring to the supposed future state of 'darkies' and 'niggers.' He will be taught that the height of his ambition should be to be a good man; which is the specific name used on all occasions for killing a good many of the enemy—that mercy is 'snivelling white panderism,' and that 'putting a pander' is one of the highest and purest enjoyments of a Christian or of one who is to be capable. He will learn that the 'nigger' is a being incapable of feeling either gratitude or affection, that it is preposterous to speak of him as a fellow man, that he is not entitled to participate in the equal administration of justice, that he ought to have a discipline of his own, framed, it is to be presumed, on different principles, and that the only rational process he can appreciate is the process of the stick. Of such doctrines I read the influences and the consequences, but I have no chapter and verse, printed passages from newspapers, for each, and each much worse, and if called upon I shall do so."

MR. LESSEPS' SCHEME.—M. Lesseps has opened the subscription for the canal of the Isthmus of Suez, and, contrary to what he and his friends expected, it has been anything but a good one. No great banker is engaged in the affair, no guarantee of interest is given by any Government, and, under these circumstances, it is thought that M. Lesseps' demand on the public for £8,000,000 sterling is—no modest.

IRELAND.

REMOVAL OF THE DEAD.—An Irish journal writes that a body of about 200 Irish soldiers, who were on duty at midnight, in the morning of the 19th inst., in the town of Drogheda, in the county of Dubhlin, were ordered to remove the bodies of the dead from the town.

THE ASSASSINATION OF MR. ELY.—The murder of Mr. Ely—Delany—still continues to receive much attention, and all information that might lead to his haunts, or where he may have been since the perpetration of his crime, has been withheld. It was generally known in the country by some mysterious intelligence that Mr. Ely was to be assassinated, and the report of his having been shot, which generally prevailed for a few days before that event, was but an anticipation of what actually took place.

SCOTLAND.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN GLASGOW.—The spinning mill of Messrs. George Grant and Sons, situated in Royal Street, Mile End, Glasgow, was totally destroyed by fire on Friday. The building was six stories in height, and contained 84,000 spindles. The damage will amount to about £20,000, and the insurance effected on the building will only amount to £15,000. Between 400 and 500 persons will be thrown out of employment by this accident.

THE LAW OF THE TWEED.—A bill is to be introduced to Parliament next session for a repeal of the law affecting salmon fishing in the Tweed. It is expected that the new bill will be rather a sweeping character. "The present state of things is so deplorable that no legislative enactment can possibly make matters worse than they are. The destruction of the fish now nightly committed by poachers, from the source of the river to beyond its mouth, far exceeds what results from the operation of legal net-fishing during the open season."

THE PROVINCES.

THE "COMIC PICTURE."—Sunday-afternoon lectures to the working classes have been resumed in several places. The Rev. A. Muesel has lectured at Manchester, the last two Sundays, on "Stand at Ease" and "Lodgings to Let." This is going quite far enough out of the beaten track. At Huddersfield, too, we have the Rev. J. Hanson lecturing from "Breath of Promise;" and at Halifax, the Rev. W. Walters has taken as subjects, "Love's Labour Lost," and "Light of Other Days."

REFORM MEETINGS AT BIRMINGHAM AND MANCHESTER.—An important meeting of reformers was held in Birmingham last week. Many influential residents of the town were present; and the chair was taken by Mr. P. H. Muntz. A resolution was adopted expressing the opinion that Mr. Bright should be supported by the "combined energies" of the Liberals of Birmingham. Another resolution originated an association by which that cooperation might be effectually rendered. Officers were appointed, and subscriptions to a handsome amount were handed in. At Manchester, 7,000 citizens met in the Free-trade Hall, and unanimously voted for a resolution in favour of manhood suffrage, triennial Parliaments, electoral districts, and the ballot. This demonstration presented the appearance of a union between the middle and working classes of Manchester on the reform question, and while speeches were made by those who represented the operatives, Mr. Bazley and Mr. George Wilson addressed the vast assembly as representatives of the other class. It was urged upon the meeting that it should go for less than manhood suffrage, in order to warrant success, and indeed an amendment was moved which would virtually have announced a compromise on the suffrage question, but it does not appear to have been pressed.

LORD BROTHAM AT YORK.—The committee of the York Institution of Popular Science and Literature, and about 1,500 of the friends of education, held a meeting on Thursday week, in the Festival Concert-room. Lord Brotham delivered a long address, in the course of which he particularly alluded to the late attempt at Bradford to insult the Bishop of Oxford, and to the disgust and abhorrence with which that attempt had been treated by the dissenting congregations. He likewise dwelt upon an attack which had been made upon himself by some of the religious journals, in which he had been charged with being an enemy of the Evangelical party on questions relating to the abolition of slavery, the promotion of education, and the diffusion of knowledge, stating that in Parliament he had pronounced a panegyric on the Independents, to whom, he said, the liberties of this country owed a deep debt of gratitude. He had been blamed for introducing Mr. Robert Owen to the Social Congress at Liverpool. He did so as the founder of infant schools, and he observed at the time that Mr. Owen's opinions were not his.

NEW MAYORS.—Ashton-under-Lyne: Mr. Mason, elected a second time; Bath: Dr. Falconer; Beverley: Mr. Robinson; Birmingham: Sir John Russell; Blackburn: Mr. Rayner; Bradford: Mr. Brown; Brighton: Mr. Burrows; Bristol: Mr. Poole; Bury: St. Edmunds: Mr. Clay; Carlisle: Mr. Ferguson; Chester: Mr. Frost; Chichester: Mr. Hall; Conington: Mr. Solly; Coventry: Mr. Wilnot; Donagh: Mr. Jones; Derby: Mr. Gadsby; Doncaster: Mr. Fox; Durham: Mr. Robson; Grimsby: Mr. Bell; Halifax: Mr. Walsh; Hereford: Mr. Ayley; Hull: Mr. Samuelson; Kendal: Mr. Wakefield; Lancaster: Mr. Jackson; Leeds: Sir Peter Fairbairn; Leicester: Mr. Noble, M.P.; Lismore: Mr. Davies; Lincoln: Mr. Shuttleworth; Ludlow: Mr. Anderson; Macclesfield: Mr. Barton; Macclesfield: Mr. Swanwick; Manchester: Mr. Mackie; Newcastle-on-Tyne: Mr. Alderman Laycock; Norwich: Mr. Middleton; Oswestry: Mr. Jones; Oxford: Mr. Castle; Plymouth: Mr. Skardon; Portsmouth: Mr. Ford; Preston: Mr. Briggs; Ripon: Mr. Kearsley; Rochdale: Mr. Stewart; Salford: Mr. Harvey; Salisbury: Mr. Cother; Sheffield: Mr. Atkinson; Shrewsbury: Mr. Alderman Loxdale; Southampton: Mr. Bell; Stafford: Mr. Lomax; St. Asaph: Mr. Bayley; Stockport: Mr. Williamson; Sunderland: Mr. Camlish; Tynemouth: Mr. Potter; Wakefield: Mr. Westerman; Warrington: Mr. Ryland; Warwick: Mr. Greenway; Welshpool: Mr. Jones; Wigan: Mr. Woodcock; Windsor: Mr. Jones; Wolverhampton: Mr. Hartley; Worcester: Mr. Hill; Wrexham: Mr. Edgworth; York: Mr. Alderman Rowntree.

PAUPERS RETURNED FROM AMERICA.—The American authorities have sent back to Liverpool during the last twelve months 108 pauper emigrants, namely, belonging to England and Wales, 6; Scotland, 8; Ireland, 90; Demerara, 1; St. Domingo, 1; Newfoundland, 1; Germany, 1. Of this number, seventeen were lunatics and epileptics, and the greater majority broken down and sickly men and women. Of the Irish nearly all have been passed home at their own request. Fifteen of the whole are still in the workhouse at Liverpool.

"STATUTES."—The annual "statutes," or hiring fairs for the engagement of servants in husbandry, are now being held in the West Riding of York. This year there has been a marked falling off in the attendance of both employers and employed. At Leeds, "good strong girls" obtained from £9 to £12; boys and youths, from £5 to £10; and men, from £12 to £18. At Doncaster, head men servants obtained from £14 to £17; second hands, £9 to £13; and boys, £6 to £8; female servants, £5 to £10.

A STONY FROM CAMBRIDGE.—Two young gentlemen of Cambridge University hired a dog-cart, and drove to Ditton to see the boat-races there. Two young women, Susan Butler and Sarah Clark, also resolved to attend the races. The former took a glass of brandy-and-water while dressing, and on the road to Ditton (they went together in a fly) she smoked cigars. Arrived at the Plough at Ditton, Susan Butler drank a couple of glasses of brandy, her friend had some brandy-and-water, and then they crossed the stream to the river, to view the races. It would appear, however, that this afforded them insufficient excitement, for, in about ten minutes, the ladies returned to the Plough, where they drank more brandy-and-water, and Susan Butler smoked several cigars. While this was going on, the two Cambridge gentlemen entered the inn, engaged in conversation with the ladies, and finally took them for a drive. Now Susan Butler, it was, though 30 years of age, was by this time a "little excited," and insisted upon driving. The gentlemen protested against this, but she would not be dissuaded, the motor was a very good horsewoman, and used to drive carriages provided by young gentlemen of Cambridge. The end of it was, that the vehicle was thrown over as she urged the horse along, the company were pitched out, and Susan Butler was killed.

MR. CARDEN'S AFFECTIONS.

Mr. Carden, of Brompton, has published a long narrative relating to his love for Miss Arbuthnot, and the persecutions which divide him from that lady. He concludes with the following promise:—"In conclusion, I herewith no longer to individuals, but to the public, the assurance that, in regard to this young lady, I can never again be guilty of conspiracy or violence of any sort; and, if my heavy responsibilities are relaxed, as some people say, it will not be by reason of any original aggression of my own. From her whose weakness is the foil of virtues, which, under different circumstances, would place her name among those on which the poor and the lowly love to dwell, I crave forgiveness, should these lines ever meet her eyes, for having taken a course which nothing but the extraordinary nature of the case could have induced me to adopt. My feelings of regard and devotion to her remain unchanged, and will continue until that great day when hidden mysteries and far-spread delusions shall be revealed and corrected in the light of Omnipotence."

"What counsel," says the "Times," "can the British empire give to poor Mr. Carden in this period of his desolation? Romeo, in a reported case which is somewhat analogous to this Tipperary Idyll, took poison; but we must not lose sight of the important distinction that Juliet was, as stated, partial to her lover, and so he might reasonably hope that his better course would be to take a short cut to an eternity of cooling—to a region, in short, where ladies never lose their figure, nor gentlemen their hair. The cases of Abclard and Heloise, and of Paul and Virginia, scarcely furnish us with any useful hints for our guidance in this distressing case; but perhaps from that of Werther and Charlotte a suggestion may be derived. Werther jumped at conclusions and blew out his brains; but, surely, had he waited a few years, until Charlotte's figure had 'spread,' he might have rejoiced that he had withdrawn his finger from the fatal trigger in time. Mr. Carden had better make up his mind to remain a little longer with us in this troublesome world; for, after all, as has been well remarked by a very profound philosopher, 'it is always time to cut your throat, but if your throat is once cut there are certain difficulties in the way of reconsidering your determination.'"

Surely the British empire may venture without presumption to suggest to Mr. Carden that, as it appears he is quite unable to take care of himself, the next best thing he can do is to find some rational respectable person of his own class, who will be at the trouble of looking after him, and, above all things, prevent him from troubling ladies with distasteful applications, and from writing letters to the newspapers about the state of his heart. If there were a slight spice of the Mrs. Caudle element in the composition of his future consort it would be well.

It is very strange to find a gentleman who, as we are informed, is not on the sunny side of a fiftieth birthday, who is in possession of a reasonably good income and estate, whimpering about the world like a lovesick schoolboy. One whiff of manly resolution, and he would get over it. He is obviously in want of a little wholesome occupation; now, suppose, in place of choosing ribands, he were to set himself in chase of Ribandmen; he might do the State some service, and possibly succeed in obliterated the recollection of his woes. Time was when gentlemen in the like unhappy predicament used to betake themselves to the Holy Land, and get their brains handsomely knocked out by a hard-fisted Saracen. Failing this desirable result, there was the resource of a hermitage, vegetable diet, horny knees, and the never-fading recollection of Amanda, who, during the process, had not improbably become a grandmother, sorely troubled with the rheumatics. In our own time there was the expedient of volunteering during the Peninsular war, and still later there were the trenches before Sebastopol. Mr. Carden appears to have nubbled at this last idea during the period of his enforced seclusion at Clonmel. He offered to serve as a private in the ranks of the English army during that memorable campaign, if he were restored to liberty. The Government, however, was stony-hearted. Mr. Carden's proposition was not entertained; but he was informed that if he would engage not to annoy the young lady in any way, he might walk out of jail whenever he pleased. It is unnecessary to say that this monstrous proposition was at once most indignantly declined. Mr. Carden persists in the belief that the object of his unrequited attachment is, in reality, favourably disposed to his suit, but that they are kept apart through the vile manoeuvres of interested people. Under this impression, he sought an interview with Lord Gough, and the noble veteran appears to have received him with singular courtesy. The two gentlemen—one an old man, and the other certainly not a young one—fell a-talking upon the subject of young ladies in general, and Miss Blank in particular. Lord Gough gave it as his opinion 'that the hearts of young girls were deceitful.' The fine old soldier could manage an army well enough, but to regulate the movements and emotions of a young lady was a very different sort of undertaking. He told Mr. Carden, however, reasonably enough, as it would seem, that, after what had occurred, the opinion of the world would not permit the young lady to receive his addresses, even if she were disposed in her secret heart to entertain his suit. Lord Gough, true to his own straightforward, soldier-like character, added, 'that in any case Mr. Carden would do well to take an open, not a clandestine course.' Acting upon this suggestion, Mr. Carden sought an interview with Mr. Gough, the gentleman at whose house the young lady was staying; but this was declined. He then commenced, or more properly speaking persisted in, the proceedings which were brought to a conclusion in the Police-office at Dublin.

"Let Mr. Carden, then, bethink himself in time, take to draining his fields, to building cottages for his poor, to shooting woodcocks, to the suppression of the system of shooting landlords—to anything, in short, which will give him occupation and amusement, and so rid his mind of that perilous stuff with which it is now charged. If this won't do—the case is a desperate one, or we should not propose so desperate a course—let him take to poetry, and try the exhausting effect of two sonnets per diem. Why not hand down to the latest generations in tuneful immortality the names of John Carden and —? What a revenge!"

INTRIGUE UNDER THE EMPIRE.—The Paris correspondent of the "Globe" says:—"A false and malicious rumour, and meant to be mischievous by its originators, is in progress of diffusion among the ignorant possessors of universal suffrage in France, to the effect that the Count de Paris has been secretly brought up in Protestant principles by his admirable mother, lately dead. This is but a repetition of the manoeuvre by which the 'Univers' persuaded the electors of Franche Comté that Montalembert's mother having been a Protestant and an Englishwoman, he was infected with parliamentary, and, what are identical, heretical opinions. The villany was successful."

THE FRENCH IN COCHIN-CHINA.

A DESPATCH from Admiral Genouilly confirms the intelligence that the French had made good their landing at Touranne, in Cochin-China. Dating from the Bay of Touranne, the Admiral says:—"The French naval division, which had been joined by the *Dordogne*, and the French steamship *El Cano*, having on board 450 troops from the Philippine Islands, left Yu-li-Kan on the morning of the 30th of August, and anchored at Touranne on the evening of the following day. On the 1st of September I sent a written summons to the governor of the forts to deliver them up, and gave him two hours to consider of it. Not receiving any reply, I attacked at the same time all the forts which command the anchorage, and the two, built by French engineers, which defend the entrance of the river. At the end of a vigorous cannonade of half an hour, the forts which defend the anchorage were silenced. Detachments from the *Nemesis*, the *Phlegon*, and the *Primauguet*, immediately landed, scaled the walls, and carried them. A short time after the Spanish and French troops landed, and I formed them into line close to the forts. While these forts were being attacked by the large vessels, three of our gunboats, the *Mitraille*, *Fusée*, and *Alarmer*, and the Spanish steamer *El Cano*, cannonaded the forts at the entrance of the river. The easternmost of these forts blew up in about half an hour after the commencement of the attack, and the greater part of the curtain was thrown into the ditch. After having personally reconnoitred, under the escort of a company of Spanish Chasseurs, a place suitable for a camp near the largest of the forts, I therein established all the troops. The principal works were occupied by the seamen. Although I had taken the precaution not to move any of the troops until sunset, and they had only two hours' march, the heat was so severe that several of the soldiers died from fatigue. In the night of the 1st of September, Commandant Raynaud, assisted by the sub-engineer and hydrographer Ploix, sounded the south-western part of the bay, in order to be able, on the following morning, to bring the gunboats close to the western fort, which still held out. At day-break, the five gunboats, the *Alarmer*, *Avantgarde*, *Dragonne*, *Fusée*, and *Mitraille*, and the Spanish steamer *El Cano*, had taken up their new positions, and in about half an hour after their fire had opened the fort blew up. Immediately afterwards, Commandant Jaureguiberry advanced up the river at the head of a flotilla of armed boats, which had remained stationed near the eastern fort. The *Dragonne* and *El Cano* then left the bay of Touranne, and anchored near the camp between the Peninsula and the island of Cham Calao, thus covering the left of the expeditionary corps, which had its right supported by the eastern fort. Be-

ing strongly fixed in this position, I waited the approach of the Annamite army, which, according to information collected by our missionaries, was to march on us with a force of 10,000 men. Up to the present time this army has not made its appearance. The western fort and all the other works were, previous to the attack, in a perfect state of repair; all of them were mounted with heavy bronze and iron guns. The former are the most numerous, and in general they are very fine pieces. All the preparations which had been made show that the Annamite Government expected an attack."

This expedition has been surrounded with much mystery. Ostensibly it has been undertaken to punish the government and people for the cruelties they have for many years practised on the Roman Catholic missionaries who have laboured in the country. From this point of view they will not want justification.

Meng-meng, who ascended the throne in 1819, was a bitter persecutor. In 1833, he issued an edict for the entire destruction of Christianity in his dominions. All Christian churches and the houses of the priests were ordered to be razed to the ground, and the converts required to trample the cross under their feet. Those who refused to obey were to be put to death, and their property confiscated.

"Two French missionaries, Messieurs Gagelin and Jaccard" (we are quoting from the "Hong-Kong Register"), "perished, one by stran-

gulation, the other in consequence of the sufferings and fatigues he had to undergo at the first outbreak of this persecution. Another, M. Marchand, who was arrested in 1835, met with a worse fate. He had been taken prisoner by a band of rebels headed by a chief named Khoi, and confined at Gia-dinh. This fortress was stormed by Meng-meng's troops in September of that year, and Marchand, taken with other prisoners, was tried for complicity with the rebels. His innocence was proved, yet while the leaders of the insurrection were merely put to death, he was sentenced to the torture, the flesh being torn from his limbs with red-hot pincers. He survived it, and for six weeks was

plaint was made last year by the French and Spaniards, but no satisfaction having been afforded, the present expedition was organised to demand redress, to inflict punishment, and at the same time to enforce the fulfilment of the treaty between Gialong and Louis XVI."

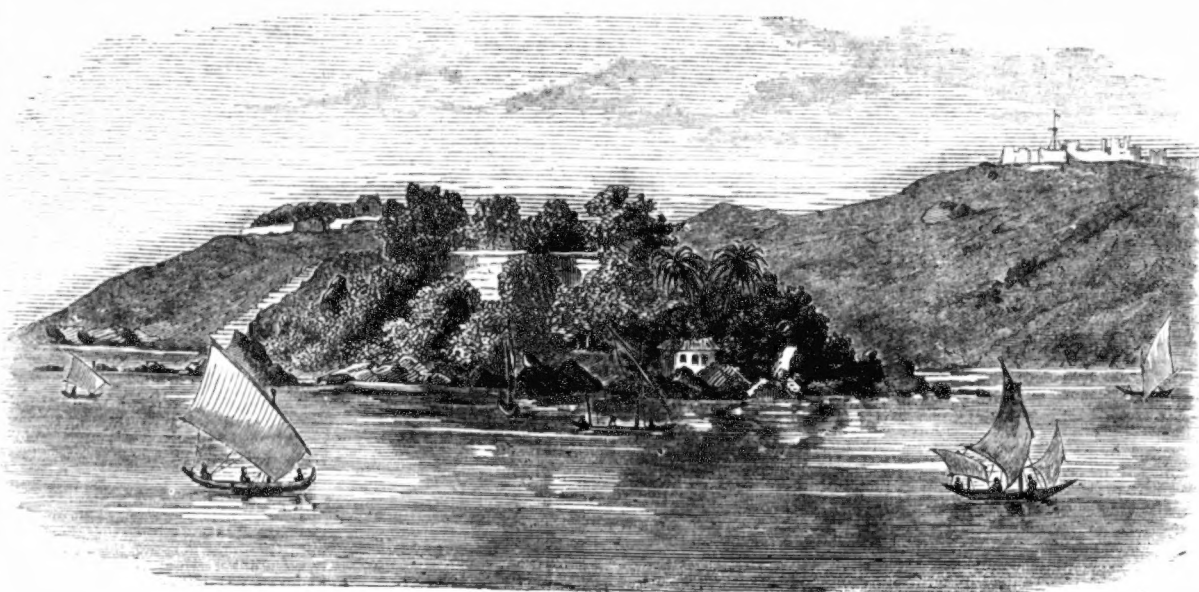
Such are the grounds, we believe, of the French expedition to Cochin-China; and we hear that the Annamese have made their case worse by the execution of the Catholic bishop Melchior, the news of whose arrest in Cochin-China was received some time since.

Annam is an empire on the eastern shore of the Malay peninsula, and which, stretching from the frontier of China in the north to that of Siam in the west, includes Tonquin, Cochin-China Proper, Cambodja, and Laos. A glance at the map will at once show the reader the

heard of their arrest, and, on his own responsibility, proceeded to Touranni and demanded their liberation. The Annamese authorities at first denied the presence of any foreigners in the country, but on the French officer threatening to go at once to Hué (the capital) with his vessel if they were not given up, the five missionaries were at length sent on board on 16th March, 1842.

"The same year Monseigneur Lefevre, Bishop of Isauropolis, head of the Cochin-Chinese mission, was arrested. But on the Alcmeé being despatched Admiral Cecile to demand freedom, he was set at liberty after a seven months' incarceration, in May, 1854. On this occasion Thieu-fri, who had succeeded to the throne in 1841, expressed a desire to establish commercial relations with France.

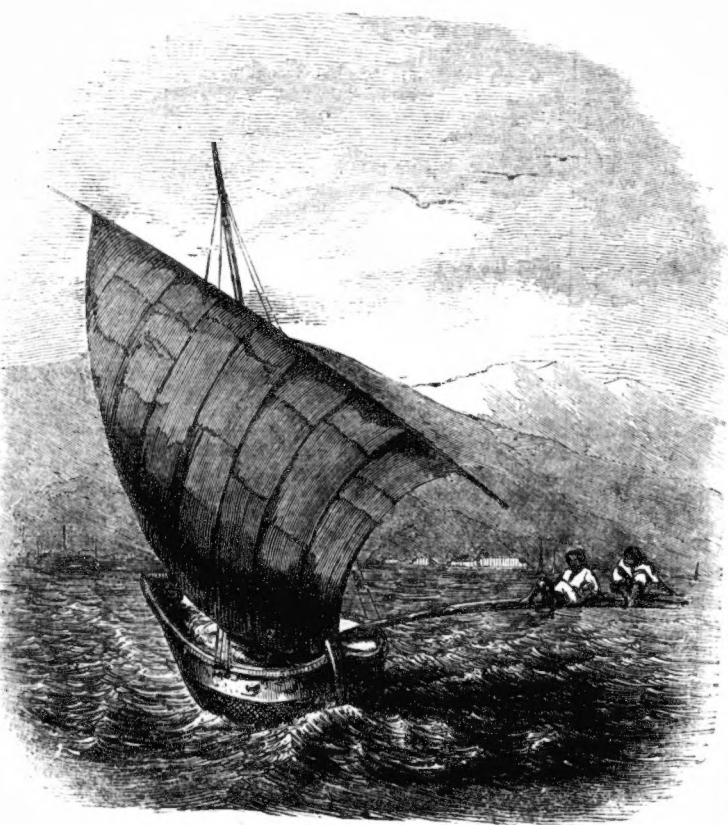
"This seems to have redirected the attention of the French to Cochin-China, and a reason for an armed interference was not long wanting. It was given by the martyrdom of Bishop Diaz in Tonquin, of which a formal com-



THE BAY OF TOURANNE, COCHIN-CHINA.



COCHIN-CHINESE RESIDENCE AT TOURANNE.



COCHIN-CHINESE BOAT.



MARBLE GROTTO AT TOURANNE.

confined in a cage so small that he could neither stand nor lie in it, at the expiration of that time he was again subjected to the torture of the red-hot iron, and was ultimately cut up, while yet alive, on Nov. 30, 1835.

"In 1841 and 1842 five other missionaries were arrested, scourged, threatened with torture, and condemned to death; but at that time there were British forces in China and a French squadron on the coast, and the execution of the sentence was delayed. At length the commandant of the *Heroine*

extent of the empire, the resources of which have greatly increased during the last few years.

Previous to the French Revolution, Hué, the capital, was crowded with French emigrants, by whose united efforts it was fortified in the European style. Hué is now one of the most remarkable cities in the East. Its walls are five miles in circumference, and enclose an inner citadel, palace, spacious barracks, large granaries, an arsenal, and some fine public buildings.

The whole country is well watered, and where not covered with dense forest, is carefully cultivated. Its products consist of rice, sugar, indigo, dyewood, iron wood, teak, and other timber, varnish, gums, an inferior tea, ivory, silk, iron, copper ore, and other precious metals.

and spices of every description. The present Emperor is said to monopolise the trade, and keeps some eight or ten ships constantly sailing between Canton, Batavia, and India. The population of the whole country is upwards of 5,000,000, out of which number 400,000 are supposed to be Christians. The standing army amounted some years since to 50,000 men, independent of the Royal guards and some 800 elephants.

A traveller who visited Cochin China two years since describes the Bay of Touranne as one of the most secure in the whole world, and so even in depth that the largest vessels may seek shelter in it without risk of danger. The coast swarms with fishing smacks and coasting vessels, some of which are of very peculiar form; they are built without nails or bolts, the planks being secured to the ribs with rattan cord. Some of these boats are upwards of fifty feet long, and sail before the wind without danger when evenly balanced by a boom stretching out over the side, on which two and sometimes three men seat themselves to steady the motion of the vessel.

The marble grottos in the Bay of Touranne are very remarkable. They are thus described by an officer of the French navy:—"Having received permission from the authorities, we set out in two boats. The scene was full of life and interest: on either side we passed luxurious plantations of cocoa-nut trees, crowded here and there with the picturesque little houses of the peasantry. Each winding of the river brought a change of scene more striking and beautiful than the last. Crowds of women and children came down to stare at us, and ran along the shore in their gay attire, made still more gay by a brilliant sun, which gave a charm to the whole scene. After a couple of hours hard rowing, we came under the shadow of the rocks we had come to visit. Five mountains of marble rise from the long bed of gravel which in times gone by was surrounded by the sea. Rare plants hung in graceful festoons over our heads as we wended our way along the path leading to the wondrous grottos. On one of the rocks lies a heap of stones, which at a little distance assumes the form of knights in complete armour kneeling upon antique tombs. The face of one of the rocks bears a Chinese inscription, setting forth that, in ages long past, a volcano here sent up its mysterious fires, serving as a beacon to the fishermen, and that the pirates found refuge in the caverns below.

On the summit of the mountain, under the shadow of trees, and rising among rocks and flowers, is a pagoda, around which are a number of altars and niches, in which stand figures of various deities carved in wood and stone. The roof of the pagoda is of glazed earthenware, and the exterior is painted with the most vivid colours. The rocks are sculptured on every side with the most grotesque figures; and from the crevices the cacti and aloes grow in the wildest profusion. Every now and then we passed through natural doorways in the rock, and found ourselves in vast enclosures of marble rudely sculptured by the hand of time, and overgrown with creeping plants and flowering shrubs.

In one of the grottoes, into which we penetrated on our hands and knees, we found a space recently occupied by the names of some French officers which had been nearly effaced. With difficulty we made out the words '*La Gloire*' and '*La Victorieuse*,' the names of two fine ships which had been lost off the coast in a hurricane.

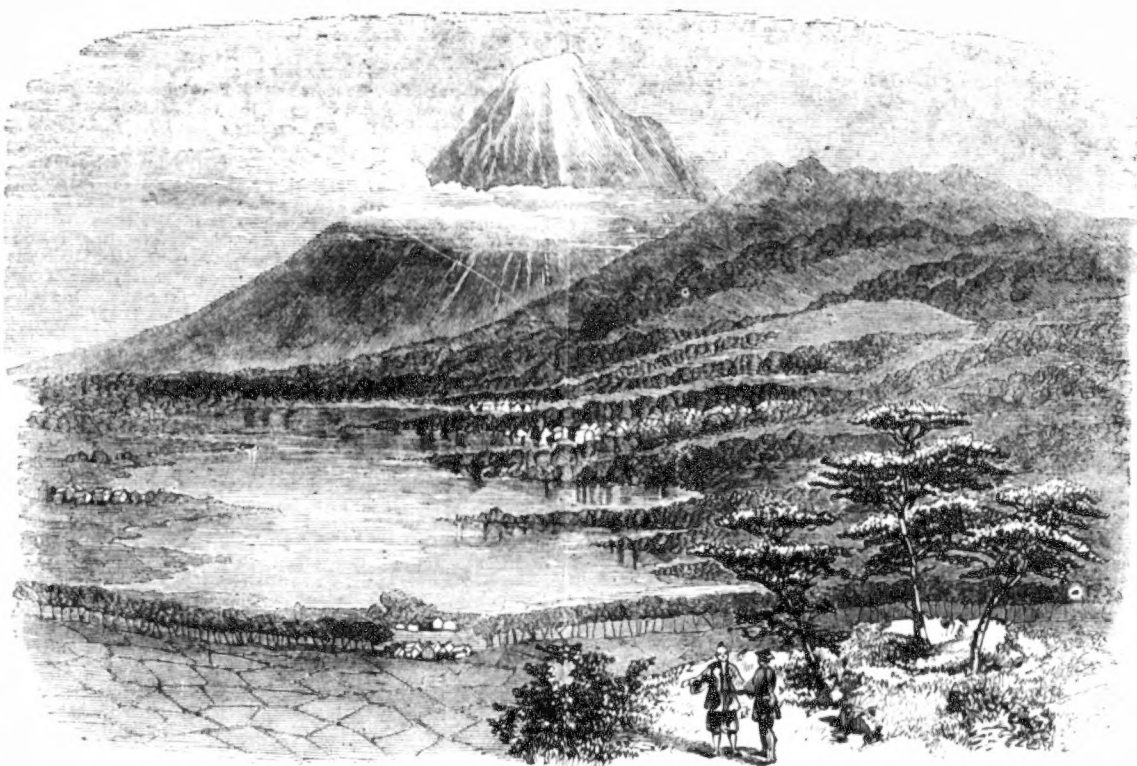
What we had yet seen was common-place compared to those marvels which were now exposed to our view on entering the grottoes of the pagoda. Let the reader picture to himself a few Europeans, accompanied by a hundred of the natives, descending by a footway along passages in which a sort of 'darkness visible' was produced by the faint light stealing through the chinks of the rock; when suddenly, without a moment's intimation, we found ourselves in the presence of the guardians of the entrance to the pagoda. They were monstrous figures of colossal size, seated on lions and tigers. Emerging from the passage between the rocks, we were suddenly inundated with a stream of light; and, in another moment, we stood at the foot of a flight of steps, each side of which was ornamented with similar figures to those just described. These steps led to another grotto, upwards of eighty feet in length, and about one hundred feet in height. The most brilliant tints were scattered upon the walls, and upon the masses of stone hanging like stalactites from the roof. To the right, and at the foot of the flight of steps, was an open pagoda, which had been built by some pious monarch. The roof of this temple was most brilliantly coloured, and the idols in the interior were covered with gilding, as were those which stood upon the various altars carved out of the solid rock. At the end of the grotto there is a sort of chapel, which contains a colossal figure. The figure is most elaborately sculptured. On every side stand vases of bronze, containing the choicest perfumes; and among the fragrant plants which climb the walls, hundreds of swallows have built their nests. The place is also infested with monkeys, one of which I endeavoured to procure, but the religious scruples of the natives who accompanied us would not allow me to do so.

SCENES IN JAPAN.

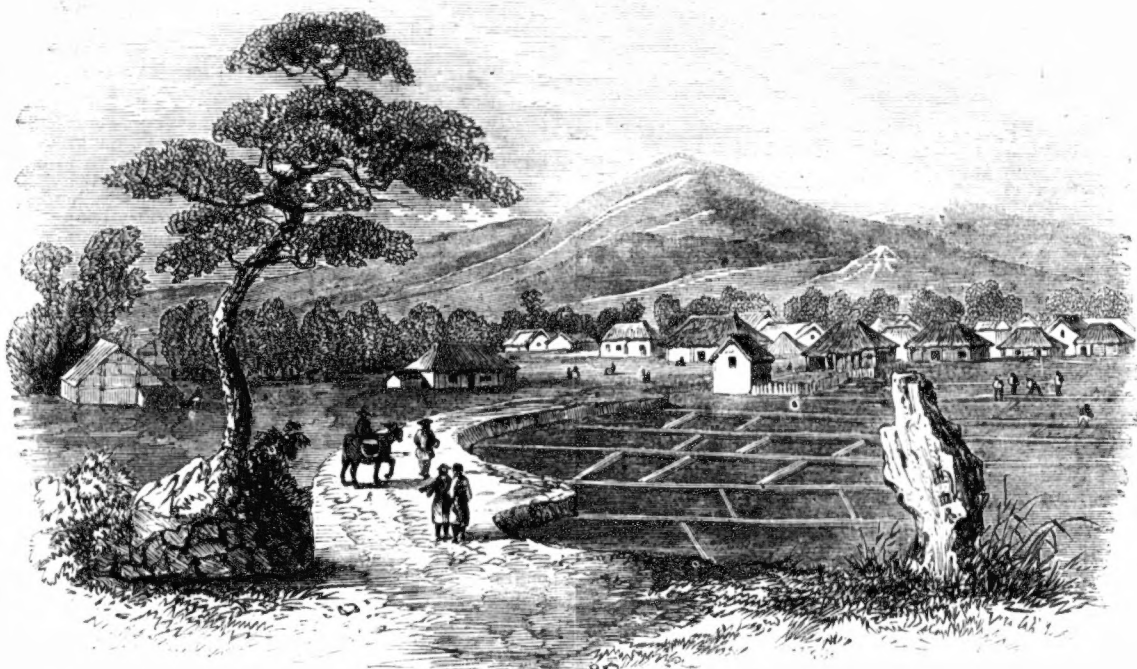
APART from political, or commercial, or social interest, the accompanying illustrations are worthy attention from the picturesque character of the scenes they represent. Nothing can exceed in picturesque beauty the bay of Nagasaki, and the situation of the city at its extremity; swelling hills, covered with the most luxuriant verdure, rise from the water's edge. The steep thatched roofs of snug cottages peep from out the dense foliage amid which they are nestled; white temples, perched upon overhanging points, contrast brilliantly with their dark green setting. In some places, precipitous walls of rock are mirrored in the azure blue of the water at their base; in others, drooping branches kiss its calm surface. Green batteries guard projecting points, and rock-cut steps ascend the steep hill-sides, clothed with heavy forest or terraced with rice-fields. Boats of quaint construction, with sharp-pointed prows and broad sterns, above which flutter two black and white flags—the Imperial colours—glance across the harbour, propelled by stalwart naked figures, who scull to the tune of a measured chant. The outer harbour is formed partly by islands, partly by the main land, the islands rising perpendicularly out of the sea. From the outer there is no appearance of the inner harbour, till you are almost at the head of the former, when the inner one suddenly opens to the view round some wooded islets, the town of Nagasaki lying at the further end, built in a valley formed by two hills. But the city has outgrown its area, and the houses cluster up the spurs of the hills that sink into it, and the streets are in places so steep as to render steps necessary. The streets are broad, clean, and free from foul odours; the people civil and courteous; and if the shops in the town do not afford many interesting objects of speculation, the bazaars, which are stocked with lacquer, china, &c., for the express benefit of foreigners, are so tempting that few can leave them without experiencing a considerable drain upon their resources.

Nagasaki is the port at which the Dutch have been settled for 200 years, on a small island connected with the town by a small bridge; the island is only about 400 yards long by 300 broad, and till within the last few years, the Dutch were kept rigorously to it, never being allowed in the town or country. They, as well as all foreigners, are now allowed to walk at pleasure about the town and into the country; the medium of communication being the Dutch language, which many of the inhabitants speak fluently.

The Fusi-yama mountain—another of our engravings, all of which are from sketches taken on the spot—is a very remarkable object, or so think the Japanese. Towering like Etna to a perfect cone, with an elevation of about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, it is visible at an immense distance. This celebrated mountain, so dear to the Japanese, has been created by him into a household god. Fusi-yama is painted at the bottom of the delicate china cup from which he sips his tea; it is represented on the lacquer bowl from which he eats his rice. He fans himself with Fusi-yama—he hands things to you on Fusi-yama. It is on the back of his looking-glass, it is embroidered on the skirts of his garments, and is in the background of every Japanese work of art or imagination.



FUSIYAMA, NEAR JEDDO.



VILLAGE IN THE ENVIRONS OF JEDDO.



ROAD LEADING TO JEDDO.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S CHARGE.

THE Bishop of London delivered his first charge to the clergy within his diocese on Wednesday afternoon in St. Paul's Cathedral. His clergy assembled, with the churchwardens, &c., under the dome (where the special services are to be held) in great numbers.

The most notable parts of his Lordship's charge were those that related to church-rates, Puseyite ceremonies, and the practice of confession. On the former subject he said:—

"Men have irritated themselves into the belief that they have a grievance in church-rates, and it is politic, it is Christian, fully to consider their feelings. Moreover, I suppose it is granted that, whatever may be said of the justice of the present church-rate, it has great inconveniences, and therefore we are quite ready for any good alteration of it which can be suggested; and we wish this alteration to be made in the most conciliatory spirit towards those who are not members of our church." But, "I cannot look upon this otherwise than a poor man's question. The parish church ought to be everywhere, and, thank God, still is in many parishes, and always in the country, the inheritance of the poor. It is their right to have it maintained for their use, not merely by the voluntary exertions of those who are charitably disposed to aid them, but by some provision of the law. And I do most earnestly trust that whatever settlement is devised, nothing will be done to sacrifice the rights and feelings of the great majority of the people, both rich and poor, in order to satisfy the unreasonable demands of a politically influential few."

On the subject of ritual observance his Lordship said:—

"It is a great responsibility which any man incurs, who irritates the parish in which he lives by an excessive ritualism. . . . I speak to your younger clergy especially on this subject. Why should any clergyman wish to make his church such that a common man, placed suddenly within it, would not be able to say whether he was in a church of England, or a Romish place of worship? I believe there is danger to our souls in encouraging those tastes, which insensibly break down the barriers by which the wisdom of older times has separated us from a corrupt form of faith. I believe, also, there is great danger to your people in these unwisely approximations to a bad system; and of this I am certain beyond all doubt, that the injury is great which such clergyman as I have spoken of would, through their unwise innovations, if unchecked, inflict on the national church of this country, by alienating from it the affections of the great mass of the community. They may gain the goodwill of a few men, and still more women, of eccentric tastes, chiefly amongst the upper classes. Excessive floral decorations, and continual bowings and genuflections, and candles lighted in broad day, and peculiar scarfs and vestments, and the other mimicry of the outside of Rome, may be acceptable to a few of the laity, but the mass of religious persons amongst common-sense Englishmen look upon such things as folly at the best. The great body of the educated cannot endure them, because they are trilling with holy worship and in miserable taste; while the common sort of the well-disposed and religious are not only irritated by them, but rendered suspicious, not without ground, that something really dangerous lurks behind."

And then as to confession, &c.:—

"If any clergyman so preaches to his people as to lead them to suppose that the proper and authorised way of a sinner's reconciliation with God is through confession to a priest, and by receiving priestly absolution—if he thus stirs up the imagination of ardent and confiding spirits to have recourse to him as a mediator between their souls and God, and when they come to seek his aid, receives them with all the elaborate preparation which is so likely unduly to excite their feelings, and for which there is no authority in the church's rules of worship—the man who thus acts, is, in my judgment, unfaithful to the whole spirit of the church of which he is a minister. And if it so chance that the person thus brought under his influence be a female, and the questions which he asks—perhaps with the best intentions, but, under such circumstances, with the most deplorable want of sound discretion—include minute inquiries into sins of impurity, he cannot be surprised if his conduct is condemned as bringing great scandal on the church."

Clergymen who resorted to the practice should be warned of its danger; if they will not be stayed by mild remonstrance—

"Those invested with authority in the Church must use the other means of influence which they find their position gives them to prevent evil. How that influence shall be wielded in particular cases, it must rest with the bishop's own discretion to decide, whether in some less penal form, or necessarily by severe examples of discipline, such as it has greatly pained me of late to feel myself constrained to use against a zealous and pious and truly well-meaning, but mistaken brother. All I can distinctly intimate on this public occasion is, that if what I deem a dangerous systematic invitation and admission of their people to confession is endeavoured to be maintained by any clergyman in this diocese, I shall feel myself bound to watch his proceedings very carefully, and shall hold him most deeply responsible for any evils that ensue; considering carefully, in each particular case, what power the law gives me to correct what is amiss."

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE ON MR. BRIGHT.

THE new Corn Exchange and Public Hall, Dundee, were inaugurated on Thursday week, by a public meeting, in honour of the Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird and the other noblemen and gentlemen who had contributed to the erection of the building. After an inaugural address from Lord Pannure, the Duke of Argyle spoke at great length upon a variety of subjects. Controversing the opinion that the Anglo-Saxon race is declining, he proceeded:—

"Are we passing under any decline? are we, or are we not, advancing? and I look to such great meetings as these, and I find in them the answer. For what do I see? I do not deny that there are great evils affecting our condition. I do not, indeed, reckon among those evils one which was mentioned by the distinguished orator the other day in England, to whom my noble friend alluded. I do not know whether many of you in this hall may have observed it, but it is a singular instance of the many instances which we have had of the impossibility almost of our southern friends quite understanding the condition of Scotland. But that distinguished orator—I mean Mr. Bright—was good enough the other day to turn his eyes northward to this poor naked land of Scotland, and he mentioned as one of the great evils of our condition, that there were various persons in this country who maintained oatmeal porridge. Now I remember Dr. Johnson, who always hated Scotland and Scotchmen, used to talk about that kind of grain which was food for horses in England and for men in Scotland; and Mr. Bright seems very much to partake of the same feeling. Now, I can only say to Mr. Bright that I wish he had one-half the chances of good health and long life and vigour of many of those healthy mountaineers whom I have seen bred upon oatmeal porridge. But I freely admit that, without counting oatmeal porridge among them, we have many evils affecting our social state. Possibly there are some evils also affecting our political condition. But what do I see? I see that there is a steady progress towards meeting those evils. I see that the various classes of society are uniting together, as I see them united here to-night, for the purpose of rectifying these evils and of endeavouring to meet them. Well, then, I say, these are the best and the surest symptoms of national progress—the surest and most certain sign that there is no national decay. I feel with confidence that we are a progressive people, not merely that our empire abroad is as sound and as extensive as it ever was, but that at the heart and core of this people we are better, more united among ourselves than we ever were at any former period of our history. And I say this, and I appeal with confidence to the feelings of this great meeting, that confidence is not one iota abated because the distinguished orator to whom I lately referred, speaking in the name of peace and progress, and taking, as I think, these great names in vain, has been endeavouring to raise animosities which are now extinct, and to divide those whom the good providence of God and the course of events have year by year been bringing more and more close together. I do not say that the influence which various classes of society are now exerting upon each other is as good an influence and as pure an influence as it sometimes might be; but I look for a remedy of these things, not in going backwards, but in going forwards. I look to the remedy of this and of all other evils to the enlightened operation of public opinion—public opinion which, until it becomes corrupt, is the best and surest guarantee for the faithful performance of all public duties. And this I say with confidence—and that every attempt at disunion—every attempt to part the various classes of society, instead of uniting them together, to endeavour to separate them from each other's influence—that influence which we must all exert, and which we ought all to exert upon each other's social and political condition, is an endeavour, not in the right, but in the wrong direction—a step, not onwards, but backwards, in the great cause of progress and reform."

His Grace then proceeded to defend our Governments from the charge of being always willing to go to war; remarking at the same time, that he "looked back with gratitude and pride at what we have achieved for our own liberties and the liberties of Europe by a generous and manly use of the sword."

MR. BAZLEY has been returned for Manchester. There was no other candidate, except a Mr. Henry Fletcher, who offered himself, but whom nobody seconded.

Literature.

History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. 2 Vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858.

FIRST NOTICE.

It is meet that the biographies of great men should be written by their peers; and that the more dignified the theme, the more illustrious should be the narrator. Some of the very greatest men have, indeed, been their own historians. Thus Moses, thus David, thus Caesar in the "Commentaries"; thus Napoleon in the invaluable though incomplete "Mémoires de Saint-Hélène"; thus Wellington in his despatches; thus Petrarch in his sonnets; thus Swift in his "Journal to Stella." And who would not give a thousand ducats for one page of a diary kept by William Shakspeare? It cannot be denied, however, that very many pleas against autobiographers may be placed on the record; and that a man's own testimony in his own case is none the less open to a slight suspicion of untrustworthiness because he may himself devoutly believe it to be true. We want not only the deposition of the hero, and of the hero's valet-de-chambre (of such gossiping, keyhole listening, shaving-paper-scanning scribbledom there is always a plentitude); not only of the hero's friends and contemporaries; not only of his enemies (from one of whose furious libels we may frequently eliminate more truth, and truth favourable to the hero, than from a dozen panegyrics); but of men of kindred mind and soul and heart to the hero—of men who can clear away the mists that envelope his moral being, and dive, so far as it is permitted to human scrutiny, into the Cimmerian recesses of his thoughts. It is true that the grandest figures in history are destitute of such biographers. No man has yet solved the secret of Dante Alighieri. Towards the great psychological history of Jonathan Swift, we have, apart from his own journal, but the book-making speculation of Scott, and the patronising cynicism of a lecturer "On English Humourists." The mighty Spaniard in whom

"... the lust of sway
Had lost its quick'ning spell—"

who threw a crown away for a rosary, and abandoned an empire for a cowl; who all but stifled liberty and Protestantism in Europe, and died a dyspeptic hypochondriac, at the monastery of Yuste—Charles the Fifth was, until the other day only, the exclusive biographical property of the jejune, styleless, pedantic, and inaccurate Robertson. Up to this time, the obscure and labouring Archdeacon Cox has a copyhold in the life of the great Duke of Marlborough; and though two of the greatest writers of the age have given us essays on the character of Samuel Johnson, we are constrained to admit that the best *Life of our English sage* extant was written by a fool, and afterwards edited, "with notes and emendations," by a rogue. But the field of biography is not all barren. When Nelson and Wesley are judged by Robert Southey, and Voltaire and Rousseau by Henry Brougham; when Charles Stuart and George Washington find a scrutineer in François Guizot; when Macaulay, dashing into a "Cyclopaean cave," "darkened with laurels," darkened too with misty doubts and cobweb lies, illuminates with truth's irresistible torch the grand historic presentment of William of Orange; when Schiller and Cromwell are led from the land of historic fogs by the strong hand of Thomas Carlyle: we feel that the great panels of the world's history are arranged before competent judges; that if Caesar be at the bar, Rhadamanthus is on the bench.

At the first blush, there could certainly seem no English writer so peculiarly fitted as Mr. Carlyle to be the biographer of Frederick the Great. His erudition, vast as it is exact, as we can gather from a hundred items of internal evidence in every sheet of his writings, includes not only ancient but modern languages and literature. He may very probably speak French after the manner of some North British "school of Stratford-atte-Bowe," but his written command of the *langue d'oc* and the *langue d'oye* must be as extensive as his acquaintance with their recondite book lore,—from the dustiest tome in a convent library, to the raggedest pamphlet on the Quai Voltaire. With Italian and Spanish he seems to be equally conversant; of his German we are not qualified to speak, but we are justified in assuming the ripest of German scholarship for an author who has translated the "Wilhelm Meister" and corresponded with Goethe—who has waded through the tremendous pages of Büsching, Köhler, Schöll, Fassmann, Förster, Buchholz, Rannit, Pauli, Stenzel, Kausler, Franz Horn, Geyler, Voigt, Hornayr, Michaelis, Marheineke, and a cloud of Teutonic Dryasdusts, from the further infliction of whose names on our readers we will forbear. Moreover, we may say that Mr. Carlyle's scholarship is universal, when we find him, in the life of a Prussian king, quoting "Mist's Weekly Journal," the old ballad of "Merry sang the Monks of Ely," the "Lives of the Saints," a "Commentary on Galatians," "Witty Doctor Moore," Avenarius, Jerome, and Gregory of Nazianzen, nearly in a breath. From the dingiest dust heaps he can gather pearls of historic value. Finally, the qualification of biographer-in-ordinary to the great Frederick will scarcely be denied him, when we remember his eloquence, his acumen, his power of critical insight into human character, his marvellous capacity of picturesque description; when we recall what he has done for Johnson and Burns; for the actors both evil and just in the French Revolution—for the heroic Charlotte as well as the scoundrel Egalité, for the victim Antoinette as for the miscreant Robespierre; when we remind ourselves how nobly he has exerted himself to free from smirch or stain the dented, rusted cuirass and morion of Oliver Cromwell.

Two thick volumes of Mr. Carlyle's long-promised "Life of Frederick the Great" are now before us; but we regret our inability to return an entirely favourable verdict upon the work so far as it is completed. There is learning, there is eloquence, there is wit, and there is wisdom beaming throughout these closely-printed pages. There are scenes described as vigorously and as vividly as "The Taking of the Bastille," or the "Death of Charlotte Corday" in the "French Revolution"; there are sketches of character, intuitively shrewd, graphic, comprehensive—the whole man in half-a-dozen words; there are disquisitions, digressions, summaries as calmly just and wise as any in the "Past and Present," or the "Lectures on Hero-worship"; there are thoughts, as philosophically conceived, and as nobly expressed, as ever gladdened the ear of him who seeks wisdom; yet for all this—and for a hundred other redeeming and admirable, ay, and glorious qualities—these volumes in their entirety—we entreat our readers to believe, notwithstanding the meagreness of our simile, that we have not the slightest desire to be facetious—are no more like History than a Dutch cheese is like a cannon ball.

Let us endeavour to justify this assertion. Imitating for the nonce our author, who does not disdain to press into his service the humblest subject which he thinks may suit for an illustration to his history, we will adduce an anecdote—probably apocryphal, but certainly apposite—setting forth how the skipper of a Dutch galliot, laden with the carcasses of the Low Countries, being in fierce contest with a pirate, and having exhausted the whole of his ammunition, took at last to firing his cargo of *Dutch cheeses* from his two available guns. These strange missiles created an unwonted sensation on board his felonious foe. When a cheese struck a mast or a bulwark, it necessarily smashed, and went off into laminae of cheesy nothingness; but whenever it struck a man, it knocked him over, and, in many cases, killed him. The end of it was, that the pirate, minus half his crew, sheered off from his soft-hitting opponent; and the story need not, on reflection, be so fabulous as it seems, if we remember that any sixpenny treatise on natural philosophy will tell us that a tallow candle, under certain conditions, may be fired through a two-inch deal board. Now, the cannon ball we take to be History: stern, uncompromising, rigid; sometimes missing its mark, but once hitting, smiting down irrevocably. Mr. Carlyle's is the Dutch-cheese projectile—always undignified, frequently ridiculous, as often impotent and futile, strange, eccentric, grotesque, impertinent, offensive to received formulae and ratified ideas, yet occasionally hitting, and hitting hard, and always making a noise in the world, as a freak and an innovation. Let it be remembered that this book on Frederick of Brandenburg-Hohenzollern is not denominated an essay, a frag-

ment, a disquisition, an exercitation, not even a biography or a novel. It is gravely and deliberately entitled a History; and a generation is in possession of the terse sentences of Tacitus, the sounding prose of the quick sharp phrases, like words of command, of Caesar, the easy flow of periods of Xenophon, the measured cadence of Josephus, and the statuesque majesty of Clarendon, the exquisite urbanity of the amenities of Roscoe, the graceful, almost melancholy earnestness of Grote, the fire of Macaulay, the dignified sense of Stanhope, the brilliant dialectics of Volney, Montesquieu, and Voltaire, the copiousness of Sismondi, the accuracy of d'Aubigné, the labouredness of Ranke, and the rugged fidelity of Karamsin, among the moderns; this generation is called upon to accept as a History a performance the fifth line of whose first chapter appears the epithet "seraglio," whose first page reference is made to "Day and Martin and their pots," in which we are enjoined to peruse "lying on loose leaves, and incidental utterances, of various date;" in which we are told of "terrible Drawansir figures of enormous whiskerage," "shilling and got to silence," "grandiose Dick Turpinism," "solar systems of and eaten;" in which we are asked if we ever heard of "Sauerteig-batch of *Springerzettel*, a rather curious valdeictory piece;" in which we are bored again to the old tune about "hapless niggers' concert-halls," "apes of the Dead Sea," "mud gods," "able editors," "whose note-books I have got," "stock-jobber stags, cheating and forcing pamphletiers, and other temporary creatures of the present sort," "modern Dryasdusts," "diplomatic bulldozers," "indecent human facts," "Merry-Andrew Rathis of the Grinding sort," "phosphorescent blockheads," "academies of pedlar's-French," "ragged wooden bucciers," "big Zeros," "Jesuit lambkins and hyacinths," "little Kaisers with red stockings." In the name of decency, common sense, are we to call this desultory trade, couched in slang and half in crabbled euphemism, a History? Mr. Carlyle despises this age—this nineteenth century—its teachers, its writers, and its readers. He will have none of "terrible Drawansir figures of enormous whiskerage," "able editors," "defiant crabs who have the honour to be," "apes of the Dead Sea," and "ragged shovel hats who say that they can save my soul." We, and our generation, are utterly amenable to him. He thirsts for the Hypocrite and the Eternal Veracities. If he be, as we are told to consider him, one crying in the streets like wisdom, with no man regarding him, we respectfully inquire for what age or phase of humanity Mr. Carlyle's lucubrations are intended? Certainly not for the last; apart from chronological reasons, an epoch which was illumined by the genius of Gibbon and Hume, of Voltaire and Rousseau, would not by any means tolerate this unkempt and uncouth *muezzin*, who persists in shouting a profession of faith in such jargon. As certainly not for the next; for we are glad to believe that the majority of the slang terms in which Mr. Carlyle indulges are but ephemeral, and that the New Zealander or Tasmanian, who is to visit us in our decadence, will have imbibed a philosophical nutriment from the pages of Hallam and Macaulay, Tennyson and Jerrold, of Prescott and Irving—not from the scraps of the "Sporting Times," or the "Swoll's Night Gossip." It is lamentable to see a writer possessing such powers, summing his prospects of future fame for the pleasure of abusing the most distasteful to him in a humorous Billingsgate, which, fifty years hence, our grandchildren will require a Lexicon Balthazarianum to decipher. It may be that Mr. Carlyle despises Prime Posterity as he hates the Present; but it is a matter for shame and regret, that the greatest and most original of British writers and thinkers, should stoop for epigrams to the shambles and the stews. Vast as is the learning, pregnant observation, poignant the humour, the perusal of an author who descends to the indulgence of the wild distributives which sully the pages of the "history" of Frederick the Great, leads us inevitably to the crazy Salomon de Caux thrusting the plan of the steam engine between the bars of his maniac's cage at Bicêtre.

It would be a serious omission also to suppress the fact that Mr. Carlyle, in this work, accompanied by very nearly the same phalanx of authorities who have lived at free quarters upon our ears since the days of "Cagliostro" and the "Sartor Resartus." We are mercifully spared, it is true, from "MacCrowdie," "Duncan Mac-Pastehorn," and the "Gospel according to George Sand" (of whom we very much doubt if Mr. Carlyle, with all his erudition, ever saw one line). We have no further mention, luckily, of "Quashed pumpkin," than in a passing allusion to the "hapless nigger"; but on the other hand, we have a perfect avalanche of quotations from "Sauerteig and his *Springerzettel*" (glanced at above), "Smellings," one of my antecessors, and "Lamentable Dryasdust!" Whom these shadowy people, and what have their opinions and remarks to do with the "History of Frederick the Great?" Every one remembers the monomaniac who was attended, night and day, by a skeleton in court suit; Socrates has his demon, and Napoleon his *petit homme rouge*. A certain friend of our own was haunted for two years and a half by a dreadful apparition, who persisted in carrying his head in his arm, and whom he persisted in christening, he knew not why, "Captain Frosser;" every Macbeth who has committed a murder has a right to see a Banquo at his supper-table; but we really must object to an author carrying his familiar *eidolon* with him into print. What Mr. Carlyle sits down to his desk, he should lay these Smellings and Sauerteig ghosts in the Red Sea. He should remember that he is writing, not for "Punch," but for posterity. Let him think over his lines—

"Je suis la Muse de l'Histoire,
Mon livre est de marbre ou d'airain,
Quand vient l'heure de la victoire,
Je prends mon stylet souverain."

The "stylet souverain" should not be exchanged for the hauberk of buffoon; and we imagine that Mr. Carlyle would be very rate to the editor of the "London Gazette," if, in looking for the account of a naval engagement, he were to find interpolated a despatch from a celebrated but mythical "Cheeks, the marine"; or if, in the description of a battle, he were to stumble across an order of the day issued by "Solomon Lobb, the grenadier." We find ourselves unwillingly diverging into slang in endeavouring to show how much Mr. Carlyle has misused that which in professedly humorous literature is hardly to be excused, but which in a "history" is intolerable.

But a graver imputation lies at this writer's door. The biographer may be partial, may be in love with his subject. We can pardon Vasari for almost idolising Raphael, and Moore for glossing over the faults of Sheridan. John Doe would not unaturally be tender to the memory of Richard Roe, if one of those legal myths were to write the life of Roe; and Calcraft would be excusably enthusiastic in a biography of Sanson. That Etceles should say bitter things of Polycarpus is to be expected; but we look for nothing but eulogy in a life of Orestes by Pylades, or of William Makepeace Thackeray by Michael Angelo Titmarsh. Were this the life of John Sterling, instead of Frederick of Prussia, we should not quarrel with Mr. Carlyle for a stretch of friendly feeling analogous to that which prompted him to force upon us a rachitic young clergyman whose father wrote him "Times," as a Hero of the nineteenth century. He had known him living, and loved him dead, as Tennyson loved Hallam; and much was to be pardoned to the survivor: *quia multum amavit*. But the historian has a graver and more responsible duty to perform. The absolution of the guilty is indeed the condemnation of the judge; but how much more damning is to the judge when his exposition of the law is played in partial and one-sided, and when he turns the floor of his tribunal into an arena of the most furious partisanship? Frederick the Great and his two volumes appears only in his nonage, or as under the tutelage of an inflexible father. It is that father, Frederick-William, who is the real hero of Mr. Carlyle's "history," and he is merely the stalking-horse for the expression of the writer's virulent contempt of education, liberty, and progress, and of his undisguised admiration of tyranny, violence, and brute force. When, in 1810, on the occasion of the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett, a democratic mob collected in Piccadilly, a high Tory magistrate, positively frenzied by his hatred of re-

...rude among the throng with a paper round his hat, on which was written, "You are all felons." It was the only thing he could say—the only thing he could say. It was the impotent yell of ignorant and prejudiced hatred—an utterance like that of the child, when the moon which he sees in a pail of water is denied him, or on his back, and indulges in a continuous roar of passion. So Mr. Carlyle, not condescending to argue, and impotent to explain, contents himself with a sustained yell of "Liars, forgers, cheats, phantoms, half-lies, flunkys, and impostors, you are all going to Beelzebub. You are preferred Barabbas, and you must take the consequences." The liars, forgers, cheats, &c., it must be remembered, are the satesmen, the judges, the legists, and the journalists of the present day. Whether Mr. Carlyle be treating of the Teutonic Knights or the Thirty Years' War, the Camp of Radwitz or the Treaty of Westphalia, the Heidelberg Protestants or the Holy Roman Empire, we are constrained to listen to these eternal palinodia against modern institutions—political, literary, and social. It is an incessant cry of "Walla—walla!" of "Vio—Vio—Vio!" like that old fanatic of Jerusalem, who paraded the streets, crying out "Woe—woe!" in spite of dungeons and of scourges, till one day, crouching on the ramparts, a stone flung at him clove his skull, whereupon he cried, "Woe to myself!" and died.

It will be asked if Mr. Carlyle has any remedy to suggest for the multitudinous evils of which he so dolorously complains. The perusal of his hero, Frederick William, will satisfy the public curiosity on this score. It is the old story of "a collar for the neck and leather to the back," and of the "extremely earnest half-pay naval and military men," who were to bring about the millennium in the "Literary Pamphlets." The "beneficent cut-throat," which was to regenerate the "Nigger Question," is merged into the disilluminated career of Frederick William. Mr. Carlyle positively glows over the cruelties of this drunken maniac. He dandles and fondles the ruffian who bullied his wife who beat his daughter, who beat his son and would have murdered him if he had dared, and who, bawled in that bloody purpose, wreaked his vengeance on a humble lieutenant, whom he sends to the scaffold at Custrin, upon a poor preceptor's daughter of Potsdam, whom he subjects to the indignity of the lash and sends afterwards to a spinning-house, there to herd for two long years with thieves and wantons. The stick, the scourge, the kick, and the knock-down blow are Mr. Carlyle's specifics for the moral ailments of humanity. His proper vocation would be that of a Russian police corporal. His beau-ideal of a hero would seem to be the ex-governor of Birmingham jail, with his straps, gags, spiked-collars, "punishment jackets," and mouthful of salt. He is the Voltaire of reaction.

It is a positive release to turn from the task of censure to that of eulogium, and to find ourselves in a position to thank Mr. Carlyle, in all sincerity and truth, for the good that he has effected. Almost unmixed, therefore, must be our expression of gratitude for the brilliant light he has thrown upon the obscurest portions of early German history, for the important links of connection he has established in a hundred instances between the annals of this country and those of continental nations, and for the vast mass of information he has collected by means of almost unprecedented industry and research on a variety of interesting and important topics. He may be regarded almost in the light of a pioneer in this field. It has been said that an omnibus would contain all the good German scholars of this country; and we do not think we are understating the case in assuming that an ordinary railway train would hold the Englishmen who have more than a superficial knowledge, even through translations, of German history and literature. The text-book for the period of the Reformation was, until the appearance of Doctor Merle d'Aubigné's History, the bulky work of Robertson, copious enough, in all conscience, but which has been long since demonstrated to be saturated with error and inaccuracy. Schiller's "History of the Thirty Years' War" is tolerably well known; Gibbon's "Memoirs of the House of Brunswick" is occasionally consulted; but beyond these and the adventitious assistance of Mr. Hallam, the ideas of even literate persons in England respecting German history have been a confused jumble of Charlemagne and Max Piccolomini, Wallenstein, Tilly, and John Sobieski, Augustus the Strong and Martin Luther, the Robbers of the Rhine, and the Diet of Worms, the House of Hapsburg, and the Great Turn of Heidelberg. Frederick Barbarossa was almost as mythical as Rip Van Winkle; and though certain German facts were mistily in possession of the English mind, although everybody knew, or was supposed to know, that we got ourselves into trouble about the Palatinate in James the First's time; that George the First was Elector of Hanover, and that Lord George Sackville did not behave with precisely chivalrous gallantry at the battle of Minden, the popular mind has for centuries remained in a woeful state of unenlightenment respecting one of the most interesting countries in Europe—one more specially interesting to us, bound to it as we are by ties of blood and of language. Cheapness is yet a desideratum in Mr. Carlyle's graphic and picturesque narrative of a by-gone age—for the information he so liberally promulgates, cannot be too widely disseminated.

We have said that our gratitude to him for this is almost unmixed. We would that it were wholly so; but justice compels us to qualify our acknowledgment. The narrative, with all its copiousness and interesting and exciting details, is painfully and provokingly disjointed, capricious, and perverse. When we come to Frederick and Frederick William, we are forced to bear with such Carlyleisms in headings as "Tobacco parliament," "Ordnance Master Seckendorf crosses the palace esplanade," "Fifth crisis in the Kaisers' spectre hunt," "Language of Birds," "Excellency Hotham proves unavailing," "Father's Mother," and the like. Macaulay and Ranke have already given us substantial foretastings of the modern Hohenzollerns, and we have some tangible notion of those with whom we are dealing; but it is inexpressibly annoying to find ourselves inducted into a jerking labyrinth full of such windings as "End of the first shadowy line," "End of resuscitated Waldemar," "Kurfürst Ludwig sells out," "Cousin Jobst has Brandenburg in pawn," "The Seven intercalary or Non-Hapsburg Kaisers," "Albert Albiades," "Joachim gets co-infeudated in Prussen," "A second Uncle put to the ban and Pommern snatched away." What might be a lucid and edifying narrative, is wrenched and tortured into knots and entanglements: the writer seems to be playing at hide and seek with his readers, laughing at them in his sleeve, meanwhile; and our confusion and tribulation are heightened by the strange nomenclature which Mr. Carlyle has chosen to adopt for men, things, and places. It is professedly German, and we can no more quarrel with a writer for calling things by their proper names, than with an orientalist for restoring the proper orthography to Eastern terms in a new edition of the "Arabian Nights." Thus, as Harem may be Hhareem; Vizier, Wuzer; divan, deewan; Sultan, Soudan; Caliph, Khaleef; Bashaw, Pacha; and Pillaw, Pilaf; so with Mr. Carlyle, Prussia, is Preussen; Pomerania, Pommern; Juliers, Julich; Treves, Trier; Bavaria, Baiern; Saxony, Sachsen; Cologne, Kohn; Mayence, Mainz; Prague, Prag; Nuremberg, Nürnberg. An elector is a Kurfürst; a Burggrave, a Burggraf; an Emperor, a Kaiser; a Landgrave, a Landgraf; Ernest is Ernst; Frederick is Friedrich; William, Wilhelm; Louis, Ludwig; and John, Johann. So far so good, and we wonder that Mr. Carlyle in his linguistic conscientiousness does not call Copenhagen, Kiobuhavn; Elsinore, Helsingborg; and St. Petersburg, Sanktpetrbourg. But as usual our author is lamentably inconsistent in his affected nomenclature. He does not call Vienna, Wien; Munich, München; Hanover, Hannover; Brunswick, Braunschweig; and the Rhine the Rhein; with him it is Albert, not Albrecht Albiades; George, not Georg, the First; Charles, not Karl. The empire is the Reich, and the Palatinate the Pfalz; but a king is not called a "König," nor a duke a "herzog." Why these half measures, Mr. Carlyle? If Teutsch Ritters, instead of Teutonic Knights; if Hof-Raths instead of Aulic Councillors; why not Schlächt instead of

battle, and "Brücke," instead of Bridge? or why, indeed, not christen the "History" of Friedrich of Prussia, the *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte*, and write it in German at once for the exclusive edification of Professor Max Muller and his pupils?

The German materials which Mr. Carlyle has had at his command for the framework of his disquisitions on early German history—for, though professing to bear special reference to Brandenburg and Prussia, they in reality embrace Germanic affairs from the Oder to the Danube, from the Meuse to the Neckar from the Elbe to the Rhine—are, as Mr. Carlyle confesses, sufficiently abundant. He complains, however:

"With such wagonloads of books and printed records as exist on the subject of Friedrich, it is always seemed possible, even for a stranger, to acquire some real and standing of him; though practically, here and there, I have to own, it proves difficult beyond conception. Alas! the books are not count, they are chosen; and turn out unexpectedly void of instruction to us. Small use in a talent of writing, if there be not first of all the talent of discernment, of logically recognising, of discriminating what is to be written: books born mostly of chaos, which want all things, even an index, are a painful object. In sorrow and disgust you wander over those multitudinous books; you dwell in endless regions of the superficial; of the nugatory; to your bewildered sense it is as if no insight into the real heart of Friedrich and his affairs were anywhere to be had. Truth is, the Prussian Dryad-stub, otherwise an honest fellow, and not afraid of labour, excels all other Dryad-stubs yet known; I have often sorrowfully felt, as if there were not in nature, for darkness, dreariness, numbing platitudes, anything comparable to him. He writes his books waiting in almost every quality, and does not even give an index to them. He has made of Friedrich's history a wide-spread, more or less, trackless matter; disual to your mind, and barren as a continent of heat, leading sand! Enough, he could do no other; I have striven to do better. Let the reader now forgive me; and thank sometimes what probably my raw material was."

These complaints hold good, according to Mr. Carlyle, not only so far as Frederick himself is concerned, but in almost every case where he has had to consult German authorities. "Historie Acherons und Stygian Fens," "Sorrychaff," the thing called *Communique Historique*, these are the mild terms he bestows upon his "antecessors." He does not treat "Smellungus," whom he liberally quotes, quite so cavalierly; but then, if we are not mistaken, that celebrated myth, who is supposed to have had some hand in the authorship of the "Fallacies of Hope," "Goody Two-shoes," and the "Imitation," to say nothing of the "Letters of Junius," "Elkon Basilisk," and "Whitewares," is of the true Hyperborean and "Broddhigman North German Spartan" breed, one of the "Gothic-synthetic Dramaturgists of the Eternal Verities," who go about buffeting applewomen, and giving old-de-camps black eyes, and as such he is treated with great respect (together with his friend Sauerberg) by Mr. Thomas Carlyle.

On the personal character of Frederick the Great, Mr. Carlyle is early in the first volume sufficiently explicit. He almost disdains to notice the accusation at which Macaulay just darkly hints as *inter christianos non nominandum*; but he indignantly characterises the famous "Vie privée du Roi de Prusse," by Voltaire, as a scandalous libel, written "in a kind of fury," and "in a mood analogous to the frenzy of John Dennis." We are happy to agree with Mr. Carlyle in this estimate of the pamphlet in question; but quoting the author himself, a few lines *supra*, we may gently remind him that "no line which cannot be otherwise proved has a right to be believed," and that the most learned French bibliophiles have not yet quite proved that this "Vie privée" was written by Voltaire at all. The persecutor of Don Calmet and Lefranc de Pompignan was certainly vindictive enough to write such a production; but Voltaire was as witty as spiteful, and wittiest when most spiteful. The "Vie privée" is a tissue of gross and dull abuse. To make an end of bibliography, we may say that we are at issue with Mr. Carlyle respecting the abundant use he makes of, and the great store he seems to set by, a not unmanaging but certainly trumpery book, the "Memoirs of the Margravine of Bareith" (Princess Wilhelmina, sister of Frederick the Great). As a record of back-stairs bickerings, of the scrapes into which Wilhelmina got as a child, and of the beatings she received from her nurses and governesses, the book may be of some value. It is written in bad French and in worse style; and its writer is evidently a pert, conceited, frivolous, and violently passionate woman. There are an abundance of historical portraits scattered throughout these memoirs, but they are so grossly exaggerated and distorted, as, on comparison to more reliable authorities, to become ludicrous. The whole book reminds one of a "letter home" by an overgrown school-girl, complaining of the stocks, the French teacher, the cold mutton, and the extra music lessons. The account of the visit of Peter the Great to Berlin—"Transit of Czar Peter," as Mr. Carlyle calls it—is an acrimonious travesty, and not by any means witty. Surely, we are not expected to credit the assertion that the Czarina Catherine had "about four hundred so-called ladies in her suite—mere German serving-maids for most part; ladies when there is occasion, then acting as chambermaids, cooks, washerwomen, when that is over," and nearly all (*presque toutes*) carrying a baby, in rich dress, who was, by the father's side at least, of the House of Romanoff. Glancing aside, too, at another of Mr. Carlyle's favourite authorities—the garrulous Pöllnitz—we may say frankly that we do not believe the brutal anecdote, most unnecessarily related, of the alleged "Samoleich" proceedings of the Russian Czar during his same Berlin visit. Almost precisely the same story is noticed by the historian Karamsin, in connection with Ivan the Terrible, and it is not likely to have occurred twice. To return to the Margravine of Bareith, we consider the book to be about as valuable towards a history of Frederick II. of Prussia, as Fanny Burney's "Diary," or Madame Campan's "Memoirs," towards those of George III., or Napoleon I. Mr. Carlyle treats "Wilhelmina" as an almost priceless *trouvaille*, but her opusculum is common enough on the bookshelves.

The space allotted to this notice would not permit us to give even a cursory summary of that early German history which takes up so much of Mr. Carlyle's two volumes. The performance of the author in this respect by far surpasses his profession; for whereas he premises "of Brandenburg, what it was; and what Prussia was; and of the Hohenzollerns, and what they were; and how they rose thither, a few details to such as are dark about such matters cannot well be dispensed with here." The "few details" take us in the first instance from the year 928 to 1417, and so, through succeeding centuries to the epoch when "the Hohenzollerns first put a crown upon their head." But it were vain to attempt even to follow Mr. Carlyle in his wrestlings with the "Prussian Dryad-stub," to give in this sheet anything approaching a definite notion of Brannibor and Henry the Fowler, of St. Adalbert of Preussen, slain by the idolatrous Wends in their sacred *Romora*, or Place of Oak Trees, and of wooden or stone idols ("Bungutties, Patkulles, and I know not what diabolic dumb blocks"), and who fell "beautiful though bloody" in the form of a crucifix; of the lines of the Margraves of Brandenburg, both shadowy and substantial; of Albert the Bear, and Conrad of Hohenzollern; and the great Emperor with the red beard, Kaiser Barbarossa, drowned, according to most authorities, in the river Cydnus, but according to German tradition not yet dead, only sleeping. He sits within the hill near Salzburg, in a stone cavern, winking, only half asleep, till the bad world reaches its worst, when he will re-appear. "To awake and set his shield aloft by the Roncal Fields again; with 'Ho every one that is suffering wrong—or that has strayed, guideless, devil-ward, and done wrong, which is far fatter.'" When to all this, and a luxuriant essay on innumerable Burggraves, Markgraves, and Kurfürsts, we add a lengthy notice, not only of the Thirty years' war, with its Palatinate burnings and other atrocities, but of the four symptoms which led to the catastrophe; the whole lamentable history of the "Cleve-Jülich Heritage" and of the wars of the "Great Elector," Frederick William "eleventh of the series," the reader may be enabled to imagine the hopelessness of the task of endeavouring to give a course of "Carlyle for the million" in the columns of a newspaper. To the value of the mass of information on German history for which we are indebted to Mr. Carlyle, we have already abundantly testified; it would be churlishly unjust, moreover, to withhold from him the expression of our hearty admiration of the brilliant and picturesque descriptive and

characteristic episodes scattered throughout these chronicles of High-Dutch princekins and predatory barons.

Let us devote what further space remains to us to a rapid survey of the great Prince, of whose acts and deeds these volumes are an instalment. As is consistent with Mr. Carlyle, he shows us in the very first page of his history how extremes may meet, and gives us almost the end before the beginning of his hero—in this wise—

"About four or five years ago there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads, or through the seragge woods and avenues of that intricate, amphibious Potsdam region, a highly-interesting lean little old man, of about, though slightly stooping figure, whose name among strangers was King Friedrich the Second, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was Vater Fritz. Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture; no crown, but an old military cocked-hat—generally old, or trampled, or kneaded into absolute horrors, if new,—no sceptre, but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors); and for royal robes a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, cock likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour, ending in high overknee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blacked or varnished; Day and Martin with their spot-pots forbidden to approach.

"The man is not of good-like physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth, with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height, head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quite stoic, capable enough of what joys there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuff nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat—like an old, snuffly lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes, as no man, or lion, or fox, of that century, according to all the testimony we have."

And yet it seems to us, Mr. Carlyle, that one George Washington, and one François-Marie Aronnet de Voltaire, and a certain Honoré Gabriel Riquetti de Mirabeau, all men famous for "eyes," were alive fourscore years ago.

"These eyes," says Mirabeau, "which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (portent of an age of despotism and heroic legislation on the terrace)." Most excellent, potent, brilliant, soft eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we have said, of the azure-gray colour, large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidly resting on death."

(Halting on the edge of a precipice, is this Mr. Carlyle's meaning?)—which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance, springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenious inquiry, graceful sociality, light flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation; a voice "the clearest and most agreeable in conversation, I ever heard," says witty Doctor Moore.

Carlyle a very picturesque, though as it may appear to a few a somewhat one-sided portraiture of the Great Frederick. Graphic enough it indubitably is, and yet, very oddly, Mr. Carlyle has omitted an item of the Prussian monarch's costume that gives as unmistakable a *cachet* to our mind-pictures of him as the gray great-coat and the little cocked hat to the First Napoleon. He has left out Frederick's pigtail! There may be a few critics in costume who may not admire the "make up" of the sunneter on the terraces of Sans Souci, and the rider on the open roads and scrappy woods of the "intricate, amphibious Potsdam region." To these the "Spartan" monarch, with his greased boots and battered cocked-hat, may appear somewhat in the guise of a snuffly, cynical old martinet, and to whom his shabby equipment will appear more like affectation than simplicity. Nor, for our own part, can we understand how a "mockery of humour" can be called "cheery." The "mockery of humour" is visible enough in the face of Voltaire, of Jack Wikes, of the malicious Pope, and the *cul-de-jatte* Scarron; we associate a "mockery of humour" with the physiognomy of Goethe's Mephistophiles; but we must confess that the impression conveyed to us by such a "mockery" is more "shuddery" than cheery.

Here, for the present, we leave Mr. Carlyle. In our next and concluding notice we shall endeavour to sketch the important events in the "apprenticeship," the youth and adolescence, of the Prussian Crown Prince, whom the author has just described as Frederick the Great, "his speaking and his workings coming to *finis* in this world of time," and he vanishing "from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds of men."

THE LATE GALES.

The gales which set in from the eastward on Saturday raged from day to day with great fury, and we have a long list of disasters from the coast. The screw collier Henwick, was on a return passage from Hartlepool to the Thames, with a full cargo of coals; and on approaching the Norfolk coast on Sunday night encountered the full force of the gale. The heavy seas swept over her with overwhelming force, extinguishing the fires, and gradually filling the engine-room with water. The ship laboured heavily, and as it was evident that she was settling down, the crew took to their lifeboats; and, after being buffeted about for several hours, were blown ashore on the coast near Yarmouth. The steamer foundered in the roil-stead.

A collision, involving the loss of seven lives, took place on Boston Deepa during the height of the gale on Sunday night. The fishing lugger *Sar* of the East, belonging to Yarmouth, was lying with her nets out when the collier brig *Hope*, of Whitby, bound north, which was going through the water at the rate of ten knots an hour, came in contact with the fishing-boat, which went down. Some four or five of the fishermen succeeded in getting on board the brig; but the remainder of the crew, seven in number, including the captain, were drowned.

The Antilles, from Rotterdam to Shields, was driven on shore at Bridlington on Monday, and was broken up.

The brig *Felicity*, of Lynn, from Hartlepool, with coals, went on shore on Friday Sands on Sunday. The lifeboat of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution was launched and manned before the vessel took the ground. The boat succeeded in taking off her crew, consisting of seven men, who were in half-an-hour afterwards safely landed on the beach.

The coasting-schooner *York Merchant* took the shore at Trustrhorpe, near Alford, on the Lincolnshire coast. The sea running heavily, the vessel became a complete wreck; and, as she was not observed from the beach, all on board were swept away and perished. The crew were three in number, and the master's wife and a little girl were also on board.

The weather has been frightful along the Peninsular coast. The *Teviot*, which brought home the Australian mail on Friday night, shipped at times tons of water, and passengers were washed out of their berths. The *Sultan*, which brought home the Bombay mail on Saturday, met with a complete gale and terrific sea in crossing the Bay of Biscay, and lost a lifeboat and several sails.

At the mouth of the Thames the gale was severely felt, and many fishermen and boatmen were great sufferers by their craft being washed on the beach and broken. Even in the vicinity of Gravesend, several boats were sunk.

A HOUSE DESTROYED.

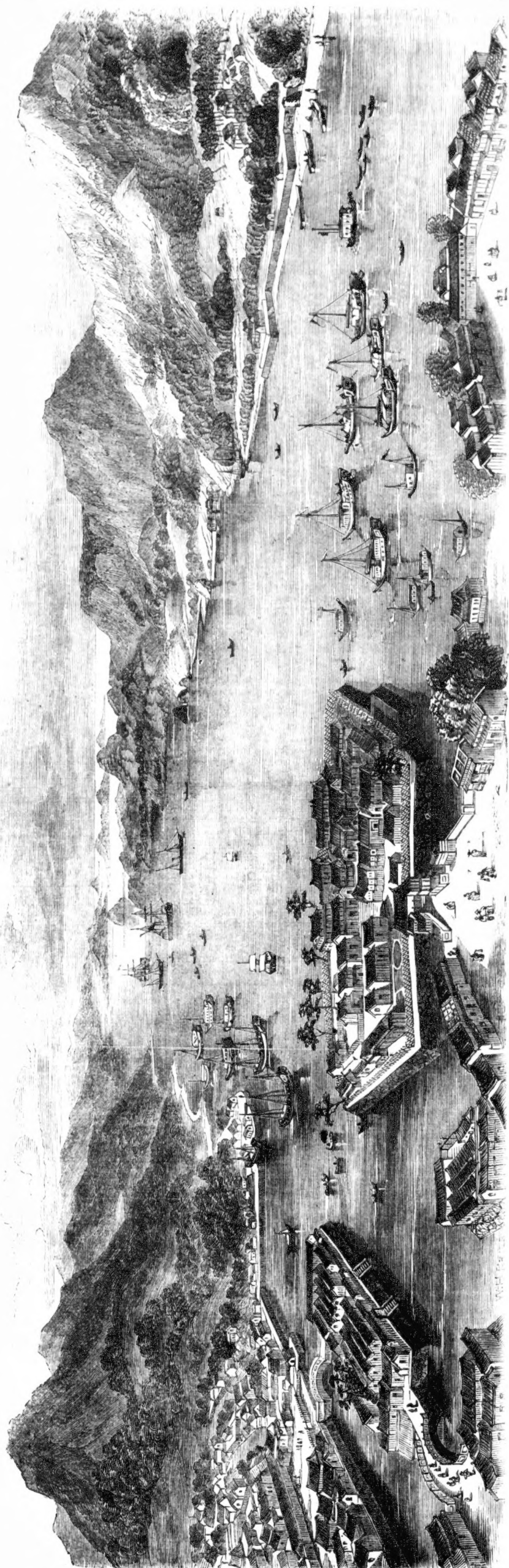
The gale was rather severely felt, and considerable damage was done, in the metropolis. A house in Spitalfields was destroyed by the fall of a heavy chimney-stack, which fell through the whole of the floors. The house was full of people, of whom two were killed—a man and one of his children.

THE LAMARTINE SUBSCRIPTION.—A meeting of the committee of the Lamartine subscription has just been held at the Hotel de Louvre. M. de Lamartine, in an impassioned speech, the delivery of which lasted not less than two hours, explained the state of his private affairs, and justified himself from the charges of prodigality which he said had been calumniously brought against him. The amount of his debts had, he said, been exaggerated; it was only 2,200,000fr., and he had this year paid off 800,000fr. The chairman, M. Vavin, put the question to the meeting, whether the Lamartine subscription should be abandoned or continued, and it was unanimously resolved that it should be continued, and a new appeal made to the country.

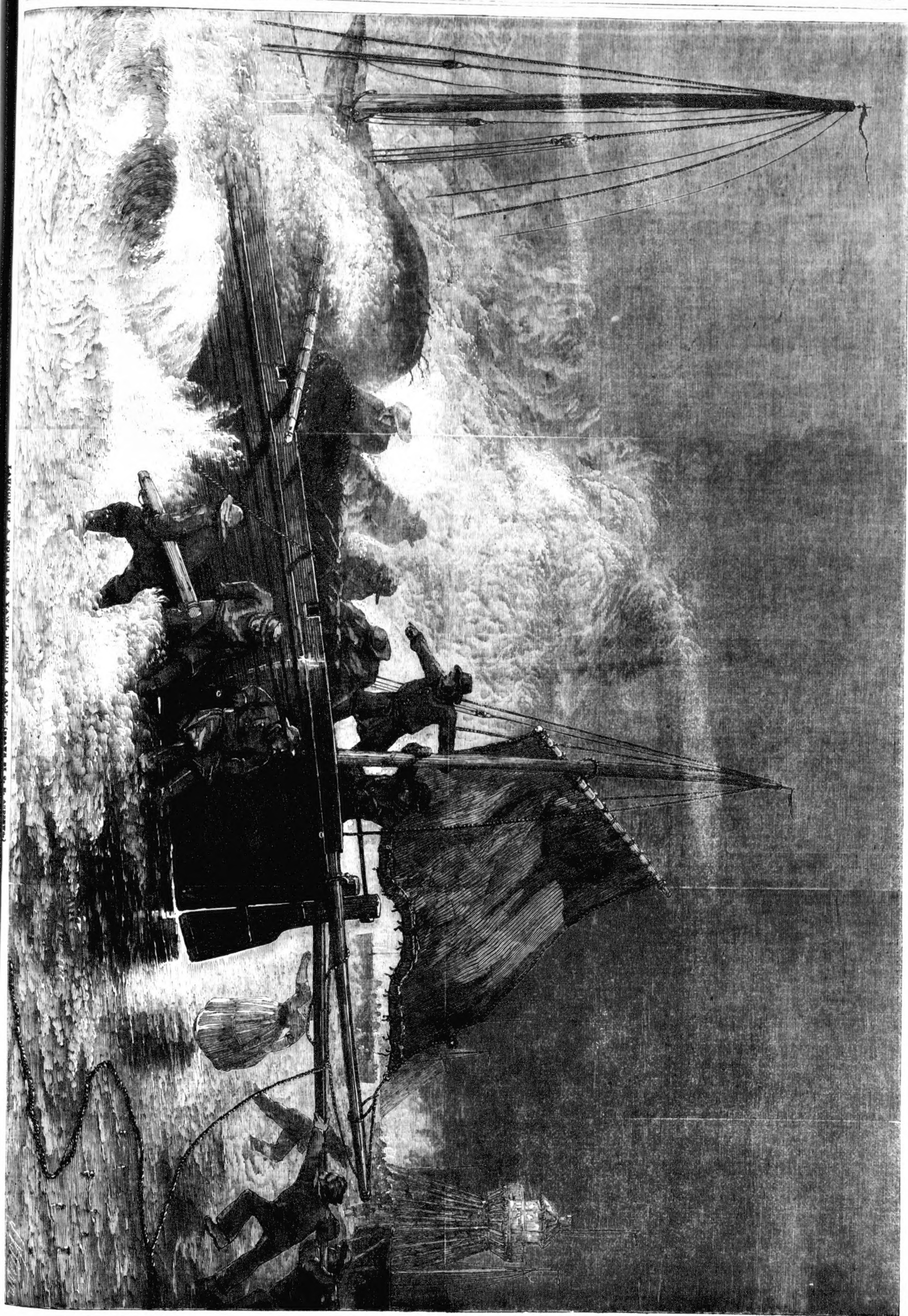
* Whose charming legend has been borrowed by Washington Irving, from a strange old story bearing on the German Emperor.



SIMONOSEKI, JAPAN.



NAGASAKI, JAPAN.



LAUNCH OF A NORTH SEA YAWL.

We give this week an illustration of a most exciting and interesting incident, which is continually taking place on the east coasts of England during heavy gales of wind.

From the Nore down nearly as low as Flamborough Head, the coast of England is fringed with innumerable shoals of sand and shingle; between and among these lie the ship channels, through which there are always passing day and night hundreds of vessels of every description and belonging to every nation. It may be easily imagined, that when a heavy gale springs up suddenly from the north and east, that terrible havoc is made amongst the ships navigating these channels, as well as amongst the vessels which are arriving from the Baltic and other parts of the North Sea, and whose landfall is upon this dangerous coast. The consequence is, there is scarcely a day or night, during an easterly gale, but a vessel will be found to have struck upon, or be in imminent peril of striking upon, some of these dangerous sands.

From Orfordness to Cromer, this is particularly the case, there being several sand-banks there upon which vessels are more likely to get than on other places, although they are lighted and buoyed out by the Trinity-house authorities with the greatest care; but in dark, thick, and heavy weather all these precautions become unavailing, and the most careful masters find themselves ashore in spite of all their watchfulness and knowledge.

A glance at the wreck-chart annually published, shows in an instant the dangers that beset this portion of the coast, the locality appearing to be strewn all over with wrecks.

To meet the difficulties that are continually occurring, to rescue the shipwrecked seamen, and, if possible, save their stranded ships, almost every contrivance that the ingenuity of man can conceive has been brought into operation; but in spite of all this, the loss of life and property amounts annually to something frightful, and it would be infinitely worse than it is but for the prompt and efficient aid rendered to vessels in distress by the beach yawls, and the skilful and hardy crews who man them.

At most towns and villages between Orfordness and Cromer, there are stationed some of these boats. They are most remarkable vessels, and would strike a stranger as being about as unfit to contend with heavy seas as anything he had ever seen; this, however, is not the case, for they will live in almost any sea, and are, besides, amazingly swift, being able, perhaps, to sail (with a wind that scuds them) as fast as any craft in the world.

When the celebrated and over-praised American yacht was talked so much about, the Yarmouth beachmen proposed to sail a match with her, provided they could have a fair course across the German Ocean and back; and had the offer been accepted, we have little doubt but that the yawl would have been victorious.

These boats are of great length, from 50 to 70 feet; 60 feet long and 10 feet beam is an ordinary proportion; they are entirely without decks, and are held together, transversely, simply by the thwarts upon which the men sit.

The rig is that of an ordinary lugger; they have three masts—the foremast well forward, the mainmast about amidships, the mizen close to the stern; the sail being hauled out to a long outrigger, the mainmast is only used in fine weather; the foresail being very square, and the mizen extending so far over the stern, affords ample canvas even in moderate weather.

The boats are hauled up high and dry on the beach, out of the way of the sea; but everything is kept ready for instantly launching them, should a vessel be observed to require assistance.

The way the boat is manned is this: the beachmen form themselves into companies at Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and employ one or two hands to be always on the watch for vessels striking the sands, or hoisting signals of distress.

The moment a ship is observed to be in peril the alarm is given, and such hands belonging to each company as happen to be at home at the time, immediately proceed to launch their vessels; and if a large ship is known to be upon the sands the greatest excitement takes place, and a great number of persons congregate on the beach to assist in getting the yawl aloft; blocks of wood, with iron friction rollers in them, are laid down to the sea, and over these the vessel's keel is run.

When she reaches the sea, the further launching becomes a critical operation; the hands are all aboard, and the vessel has to be forced through the breakers by those on land. To effect this, a long spar is used, which has a crooked piece of iron at the end; this is fitted into the stern-post of the boat, and a number of hands thrust the boat through the first breaking wave; the vessel draws so little water, that she generally takes the next wave aloft, and the mizen being previously set, she is away in an instant. The operation is always successful, the men, from practice, knowing how to set about it; should strangers, however, attempt to get off one of these vessels in a heavy sea, they would be pretty sure to have her returned back on their hands by the next large wave, all broken to pieces.

Several of these yawls are certain to be launched at the same moment from different places, perhaps several miles apart; for, although one boat may be almost close to the stranded vessel, yet the wind may be so much more favourable to the distant boat, that its chance of first reaching the wreck is equal, or perhaps better, than that of the near boat.

Then is brought into play all the skill of the cockswain, and the capabilities of the craft; for whichever one first reaches the vessel in distress, claims her as her prize—that is, she claims to be first employed, if only the help of some of her hands are required, or, in the event of her being given up as lost by the master, the first claims her for salvage. A portion of the crew of the first boat that arrives, having boarded the wreck, and examined her state, and the position in which she is placed, make up their minds at once, either to attempt to save the vessel entire, or else to cut away everything that can be carried off on their own vessel; a considerable portion of the value of this becomes the property of the boatmen.

Should they determine to try and get the vessel off, they may probably take into partnership with them in the transaction one or more of the other yawls that may have arrived. Should they succeed in their attempt, and get the vessel safe into some port, the hands get a large sum of money, which they divide amongst themselves in certain proportions. Sometimes only assistance is required: as extra hands to pump the ship, or an anchor and cable brought from the shore, or a man to be put on board to act as pilot, the vessel not having been able to procure a licensed pilot from the pilot cutter.

These occasions generally end in a dispute, to be afterwards settled in a court of law, as the captain of the vessel in distress generally declares that his vessel was in no danger, and that he only received a slight amount of help from the boatmen, who, on their part, declare with equal positiveness that the ship was in most imminent peril, and, but for their timely arrival and assistance, would have been inevitably lost, with all hands.

The judge generally leans to the boatmen's side of the question, as it is certain that they had perilled their lives in venturing to her aid, and that they were there, with the necessary appliances, to rescue her, if possible, had she been in any real danger.

PICKED UP AT SEA.—The Sebastopol arrived at Queenstown, from Callao, with the report that on the 7th of September, in lat. 29 S., lon. 29 W., she picked up a ship's long-boat, not bearing any name. Her dimensions were:—Length, 28 ft. 2 in.; breadth, 8 ft. 2 in.; depth, 3 ft. 10 in. She was perfectly sound, and as though the crew had been taken out of her, and from her size appeared to have belonged to a ship of from 1,200 to 1,500 tons, and of North American build. She had in her a deep sea-lead line, some small cordage and boat's tackle, carpenter's chisels and draw knife, a marlinespike and a hammer, a bag of pins and forelocks, two balls of spun yarn, a tin of preserved salmon, a water-keg, and a pair of moleskin trousers, with a Roman Catholic prayer-book, and one pair of cloth trousers; the book was not marked, but the trousers are marked "T. Brown;" two blue caps and one south-wester, a pair of stockings, and a knife, also women's staylaces and thimble and cotton thread.

SIR E. LANDSEER'S MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

With the "Illustrated Times" of December 4, will be issued a highly-finished large separate Engraving (beautifully printed upon plate paper), from Sir Edwin Landseer's celebrated picture of

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

A MEMORIAL presented this week to Lord Derby on the above subject probably represents pretty accurately the views of what is called the "religious public." We have ourselves a great dislike to the arrogance and narrowness which would confine such an appellation to a few thousand men and women who are neither wiser nor better than their neighbours. But accepting it simply as a term of description for those who undertake to look after the connection of our religion with our politics, we are content to discuss the opinions of the class for the sake of the influence which they represent in the country.

On the whole, the memorial exhibits a degree of moderation which contrasts agreeably with the violence of last year. There is now perceptible a kind of admission that the deep-rooted religious traditions of many millions of mankind deserve some consideration; that a purer example and a higher reasoning are at bottom the best means of proselytism; and that we are not called on to sacrifice India for the benefit of well-paid lecturers at home. We hail these symptoms of returning reason; and have much pleasure in admitting that there is little which we disagree vitally with in any of the three heads into which the memorial is divided. We shall make what remarks we have to make in the order assumed in the document itself.

1. Point first calls attention to the fact that lands for the support of temples are vested in our Government; and urges that we should give up the task of managing such funds to natives. We see no objection to this; assuming, of course, that the property be vested in hands which will deal fairly with it from the native point of view. The natives can have no claim on us to act as estate-managers for their various Jumbos; but they may fairly claim that we will hand the task over to men who will not rob them. This is a question of detail which can only be arranged in India, but the principle, we repeat, is good. Under the same heading, certain "indecent" incidents of native worship are remonstrated with, and, of course, the clearer we keep of them the better. It is impossible to discuss this subject in public, but all who know anything of Mythology know that the practices alluded to belonged also to the classical worship; are excessively ancient; are mixed up with the symbolism of the native religion; and as, a part of that, can only be torn away with some risk to the fabric. However, there is no reason why we should recognise so markedly the festivals on which they are exhibited as to keep them like our own Christmas-day by a shutting up of Government offices. If we are to emancipate ourselves from *encroaching*—which is a different thing from *tolerating*—the native superstitions, we cannot do better than begin by abolishing this last concession.

2. Under the second heading, the authors of the memorial attack the great question of caste. Here they obviously feel the difficulty of disturbing a social arrangement which is at once religious, political, and historical, and so, again, they are forced into a reasonable compromise. After enumerating its evils, they suggest that it should not be allowed "as a ground of exemption" from the duties imposed by our Government. This, however, is another question of degree which can only be determined on the spot. We certainly think that the plan hitherto of making much of caste, has failed to secure the friendship of those for whose benefit it was planned; and as our supremacy is a fact compared with which other distinctions must naturally be worth little, it may be well to try whether we cannot use the lower castes against their superiors for the stability of the empire. But this is a very nice game; and there is no doubt a natural and real foundation for distinctions of caste, which cannot be ignored without foolishness, besides; so that anything done in this way must be done gradually, and rather with an eye to

business than to mere theory. In fact, it is a statesman and a soldier's question, like many other Indian ones, and it would lose all the vulgar sympathies of Britain upon our Indian Government we may have a mutiny every generation.

3. The third division of the memorial deals with the subject of native schools. Hitherto our course has been to give general education at these, leaving religious instructions out of the question altogether. We have thus (as the memorial declares "undermined" the native faith, without supplying anything else. It is clear, however, that you must help them to get rid of the old absurdities before they are fit for anything better, and would it have been safe had you professed that your object was religious rather than general instruction? We confess that we should look with uneasiness on a great organisation of Native Schools undertaking to teach religion, just after the pulling down of a mutiny with triumphant force. The memorial also recommends that an "opportunity" should be given to natives of learning Christianity at Government schools if they so please. We can have no objection to the theory of this suggestion, but the real difficulty is whether such a system can be made practically clear to the native mind as something distinguished from proselytism by influence?

On the whole, we suspect that the propagandism of Christianity must be left to the missionaries; that though the State should facilitate their business it should not intrude upon it; and that ages will pass before we make much perceptible way in the great task. Nevertheless, it is part of our duty and our desire to attempt it; and this memorial has value in pointing out to Government some points in which it can be of service to the cause. The danger from the first has been that the honest but narrow zeal of those who are not content to be Christians, but who assume to be the only Christians in the kingdom, would push the natural wish to Christianise India too hastily upon Government. If we lose India in "forcing" its conversion, what becomes of its chance of getting Christianised then? This thought should make zealots pause. Fortunately, the essential character of the mind of the present Secretary for India is philosophical, and we do not fear that Lord Stanley, however sympathetic with the good cause, will peril it by any indiscretion in the mode of helping it on.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY, as Sovereign of the Order of the Garter, grants to the Prince of Wales authority to wear and use the star and collar belonging to the said order, "and to exercise all rights and privileges belonging to a Knight Companion of the said most noble order in as full and ample a manner as if his Royal Highness had been formally installed."

PARLIAMENT now stands prorogued to Thursday, the 13th of January.

THE REV. S. MATURIN, a clergyman of the Established Church, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, was last week received into the Roman Catholic Church by Cardinal Wiseman.

A PRELIMINARY MEETING has been held at Douglas, to promote the establishment of telegraphic communication between the Isle of Man and the surrounding countries.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, Mr. M. Cely Trevilian, has written and published a handsome octavo of 580 pages to prove that Louis Napoleon is the Beast of the Apocalypse!

A NEW AND IMPORTANT DEPARTMENT is being organised at the Somerset House Museum, in a collection of the choicest modern engravings towards which the engravers themselves have volunteered to contribute. Mr. Sheepshanks has contributed a valuable collection of many hundred engravings.

A ST. PETERSBURG JOURNAL asserts that the tenor Malmanoff, while at the stage, murdered the prima donna Averonish. It is added that the audience broke out into a rage, and tore up the seats in the pit.

TWO STRANGE SUICIDES are recorded in the French provincial journals. One was of a young man at Orleans, who threw himself head-foremost from the top of a poplar tree seventy-five feet high; the other of a young man at Reichenstein (Haut-Rhin), who lighted a ball-cartridge in his mouth.

LORD CURSTON has declined to take shares in the Dartmouth and Toker Railway, on the ground that no member of Parliament should hold shares in any railway on which he may have to legislate.

THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN HICKLING, the oldest Methodist preacher in the world, and last survivor of the "helpers" of John Wesley, is reported. Mr. Hickling was in the 71st year of his ministry, and was nearly ninety-three years of age.

BY AN ORDER OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, the right hitherto exercised by military commandants to inflict corporal punishment has been curtailed. For the future no commanding officer of a regiment can order more than forty blows with a cane or birch to be given; and no chief d'escadron captain of a company more than twenty.

A RUMOUR to the effect that Lord Naas is to leave Ireland, is gaining ground. His Lordship, it is said, will go to India in a high judicial capacity.

MADAME GEORGES SAND is about to prosecute a provincial newspaper editor in France, for making statements respecting her private life which she considers libellous.

OVERTURES have been made to Mr. Charles Kean (says the "Sunday Times") to undertake the management of the Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, after the termination of the lease of the Princess's, next July, which period the opera season will be drawing to a close.

THE DEATH OF MR. RIDSDALE affords a sad example of the vicissitudes of sporting men. Years ago he had a hundred horses, and was worth thousands; he died with only 3d. in his pocket, and a subscription saved him from a pauper's funeral.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD that the next Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England will be Mr. Alfred Latham, of the firm of Arbuthnot, Latham and Co. The successor of Mr. Sheffield Neave, as Governor, will be Mr. Bonamy Dobree, the present Deputy-Governor. The election takes place in April.

A COPY of the original edition of Burns' "Poems," printed at Kilmarnock in 1786, was sold in Edinburgh on Thursday week for £3 10s.

MADAME RISTORI is preparing three new characters for her next season's campaign in Paris: a "Cassandra" in a play written for her; a "Fornarina" in a new art-drama, with Raphael as hero; and "Paulina" in a translation of Corneille's "Polyeucte."

SUCH IS THE PERSECUTION to which the "Revue des Deux Mondes" has been subjected, that for some months (says the "Saturday Review") it has been in contemplation to remove its place of publication out of France.

MR. SHARP, baker, Perth, left £15,000 for educational purposes in that city. The trustees have commenced to erect a large building in Methven Street, to be called Sharp's Educational Establishment.

A PAMPHLET has just appeared at Paris, with the title "L'Angleterre et la Guerre," in which it is conclusively established by A. plus B, that England has neither men nor money, and must inevitably fall an easy prey whenever it may suit the convenience of her powerful neighbour to attack her.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY propose to hold a festival on the Burns Centenary, and to revive on the occasion the old traditions of the minstrel. Fifty guineas are offered for the best poem in honour of Burns—lists open to all the world—language English, not Scotch—metre and matter at the writer's own discretion. Three judges, not yet named, will decide on the merits, and the money will be paid immediately after the public recitation of the poem.

HUMBOLDT has been suffering from an attack of influenza, which, to a man in his 90th year, is a trying ordeal to pass through.

THE LEADING PRE-RAPHAELITES have resolved not to exhibit their pictures at the Royal Academy in May next, but to originate a new association, under the title of the "Hogarth Society," in honour of the English humourist.

THE BELGIAN CONSUL at Sourabaya, Java, has sent to the King of Belgium a box with eleven Brahmin idols, which were discovered at his place of residence, Malang, and which are supposed to belong to the most remote period of history. These curious images, although not possessed of any artistic value, exhibit a certain amount of clever workmanship.

THE BELGIAN JOURNALS record the marriage of four brothers to four sisters, celebrated at the same time, at Mons.

he seems he was pronounced a dangerous sceptic, by others a

cation of his noble work entitled "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and

But grand and impressive as forest-scenery is, as a whole, with its thousands of branches stretching far away, and roofing such a temple as was never yet erected by human hands; yet our wonder is increased when we come to examine the might and majesty of many of the separate trees, and see to what bulky dimensions, and to how vast a height, many of them have grown. There are thousands of trees that have attained an altitude of eighty and ninety feet; many that exceed a hundred, though these are mere dwarfs beside some that grow in Australia, and which are often found to measure three hundred feet in height. But these leafy Arabs have not the bulk and standing of our old monarchs of the wood—the English oaks, which brave the storms of centuries of winters, and are as firmly rooted in the earth as mountains. Look how the branches spring from the trunk—coming, as it were, from the very heart of the tree, and resting, with all their weight, upon the broad-based trunk, with its wide-spread and deeply anchored fibres. What builder was ever yet able to throw out a beam to the extent of one of those far-stretching and massy boughs—some of which measure sixty or seventy feet from the bole to the tip of the branch, yet are self-supported, saying what hold they retain of the stem of the tree? There is many an old oak that is forty of fifty feet round the roots, and several that have carried a circumference of ten yards and more at the height of six feet from the ground. What numbers of forgotten summers they must have stood to have attained such gigantic dimensions, and what changes there must have been in our island, while they have been grown silently! Kings and nobles have followed the chase beneath their hoary branches—the battle-cry raised by the rival Roses, may have startled the wild birds that sheltered among their myriads of leaves, without causing

them to shed a leaf or drop an acorn. May the sons of England ever be worthy of the name of Hearts of Oak—strong, sturdy, and unyielding in a just cause; and as firmly rooted, when danger approaches our shores, as these old Druids of the wood. The elm is a beautiful tree, and one of the tallest that grows in green England. Some of the avenues that lead to our old halls and manor-houses are formed of these stately sentinels—that ever keep guard over the approaches. There are few finer specimens of the elm to be found anywhere than in the Long Walk at Windsor, and in the high, green, embowered-arcade that leads up to Cobham Hall, in Kent. In looking over a forest, we generally find that the highest masses of foliage, which rise like green waves above the wide sea of trees, are those of the elm. The beech is seen to most advantage when growing alone, or in clumps of three or four; in a forest it seems confined, unless it happen to stand by the sunny edge of an open glade: then it will thicken upward, and throw out a whole shower of branches, bending and arching, and falling in all kinds of picturesque positions, and with such graceful sweeps, that it calls up images of the curvings of a large fountain in full play, that throws out its "loosened silver" from hundreds of jets. Then the beech mast that falls in autumn recalls the feudal times, when vert and venison were guarded by "most biting laws," and monarchs valued the life of a stag at more than that of a man; when Guths went for him into the forests with their herds of swine, while the wolf prowled around the wattled shed of the swine-herd, and all dogs that were found within the forest boundary were "lawed," which was done by placing their paws on a block of wood, and with a chisel and mallet cutting off their claws, so that they could not maim or hold fast the deer. Although the ash is one of the earliest trees to shed its foliage, and make a blank where late the wild birds sang, it is a noble work, built up so stately with its smooth tough branches, and its leaves set in pairs, as if matching one another; for there is a lightness and an elegance about its foliage, which is a fine relief to the heavier masses of the surrounding trees, as if it made room for the wind and rain to come down, and blow, and dance about its boughs, and invited the sunshine to plant its golden feet among its open leaves. We have always fancied that there is something lady-like in the appearance of the ash, when contrasted with the bluff, sturdy, and old John Bull look of the unyielding oak. Beautiful as the horse-chestnut looks at spring, with its great buds, that burst into hand-shaped sprays, and then are hung with white, up-coned, wax-like flowers, it has, if aught, a richer appearance when it dons its autumn livery of deepest gold. It cannot, however, be reckoned among our English forest trees, though it is so great an ornament to the landscape, as it was not introduced into this country more than a century and a half ago. Not so the marsh-loving alder, that loves to creep as close to the forest-brook as it can get, and gaze at its own shadow in the water; there is something pretty in the look of its catkins—which children call "cat's tail"—as they droop and sway backwards and forwards, or drop and float lightly away on the stream; its round, dark-green leaves have also a pleasing appearance, especially when the sunlight gilds them and gives a brighter look to the water in which they are mir-



THOMAS CARLYLE.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

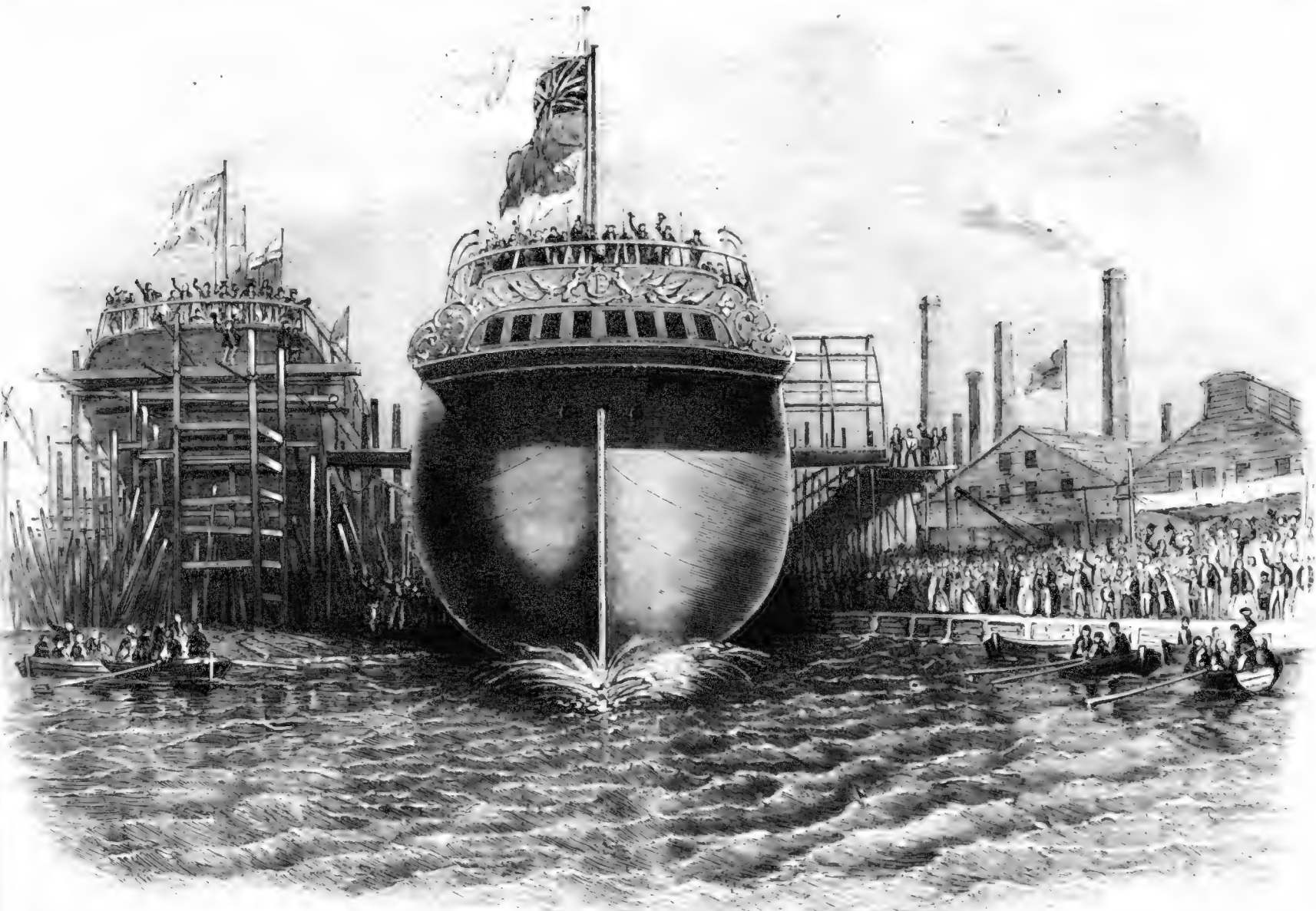
rored. But we have seen sheets of water in the forest scenery, that have had a strange, green, mossy look, bordered with black bulrushes and ferns, behind which rose tall, taper poplars, that threw their shadows over the foliage below, and on the water, as one in mind of Tennyson's "Moated Grange." "Moated Grange,"

"A poplar shook always,
All silver green, with a rusted leaf;
For leagues no other tree did grow,
The level waste—the rounded mound."

Not that we think the aspen, or "trembling" country people call it, is at all a melancholy tree; but, on the contrary, there is something lively about its leaves—which the lightest breeze sets in motion, so that it could not for the life of it be still, but only the faintest breath of air comes blowing from the north or linden, whose leaves the bees delight to murmur over. It is a graceful tree: it is generally so tall and slender, its branches so smooth, that even a lady can look at it with pleasure. And who is there that has not admired the grace of its blossoms on a calm July night, when the star-shaped leaves seemed to whisper of love, as their tongues babbled together! A few fir or yew trees among forest scenery, make an agreeable contrast to the dark masses, and seem to throw out more transparent, richer and lighter colours of the decaying foliage. It is the destroyer's touch that gives the key-note to the gaudy leaves of autumn. Summer is the time when her treasures to light this funeral pyre, from the hill and painted meadow, trailing all her garlands of bash and brake, and throwing them on the ground, which she herself expires, amid the spoils that mark her beauty. Amid the forest scenery of autumn, the beautiful mosses, and hidden under the fern and heather, we stumble upon richly coloured patches, stained with gaudier hues than the choicest of flowers. Some dyed with a deeper gold than ever the lily wore here; others wearing a crimson that dims the scarlet of the pimpernel; while many are laced with more delicate than that which the anemone shows in the earliest violets of spring. Some are spotted like the pard; others are embossed as with gems like a diamond, and frilled underneath with plaited pearl, delicate as the damask of the rose. Above these the thistles shape their plumed helmets, and the white flowers shake their bright seed-cups, as if eager to be loose, and bury themselves beneath the falling leaves, as they hear the round daisy-buds knocking again to be let out of the earth. So while we muse among the forest scenery of autumn, we are struck with the beauty of what is fast around us, and in the dying flowers and fallen leaves, so recently waved in the full bloom of their loveliness, we trace a melancholy resemblance to fairer forms which we have known, and console ourselves with the thought that they have shot up again from beneath cold fallen leaves, which death strewed over them, and are blooming in the immortal gardens beyond the grave, where the coming mists of autumn fall not, and the wintry wind never blows, but one eternal summer, crowned with undying flowers ever reigns.



FOREST IN AUTUMN.



LAUNCH OF THE PARAMATTA, AT BLACKWALL.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE AUTUMN.

them to shed a leaf or drop an acorn. May the sons of England ever be worthy of the name of Hearts of Oak—strong, sturdy, and unyielding in a just cause; and as firmly rooted, when danger approaches our shores, as these old Druids of the wood. The elm is a beautiful tree, and one of the tallest that grows in green England. Some of the avenues that lead to our old halls and manor-houses are formed of these stately sentinels—that ever keep guard over the approaches. There are few finer specimens of the elm to be found anywhere than in the Long Walk at Windsor, and in the high, green, embowered-arcade that leads up to Cobham Hall, in Kent. In looking over a forest, we generally find that the highest masses of foliage, which rise like green waves above the wide sea of trees, are those of the elm. The beech is seen to most advantage when growing alone, or in clumps of three or four; in a forest it seems confined, unless it happen to stand by the sunny edge of an open glade: then it will thicken upward, and throw out a whole shower of branches, bending and arching, and falling in all kinds of picturesque positions, and with such graceful sweeps, that it calls up images of the curvings of a large fountain in full play, that throws out its “loosened silver” from hundreds of jets. Then the beech mast that falls in autumn recalls the feudal times, when vert and venison were guarded by “most biting laws,” and monarchs valued the life of a stag at more than that of a man; when Guths went for h into the forests with their herds of swine, while the wolf prowled around the wattled shed of the swine-herd, and all dogs that were found within the forest boundary were “lawed,” which was done by placing their paws on a block of wood, and with a chisel and mallet cutting off their claws, so that they could not maim or hold fast the deer. Although the ash is one of the earliest trees to shed its foliage, and make a blank where late the wild birds sang, it is a noble work, built up so stately with its smooth tough branches, and its leaves set in pairs, as if matching one another; for there is a lightness and an elegance about its foliage, which is a fine relief to the heavier masses of the surrounding trees, as if it made room for the wind and rain to come down, and blow, and dance about its boughs, and invited the sunshine to plant its golden feet among its open leaves. We have always fancied that there is something lady-like in the appearance of the ash, when contrasted with the bluff, sturdy, and old John Bull look of the unyielding oak. Beautiful as the horse-chestnut looks at spring, with its great buds, that burst into hand-shaped sprays, and then are hung with white, up-coned, wax-like flowers, it has, if aught, a richer appearance when it dons its autumn livery of deepest gold. It cannot, however, be reckoned among our English forest trees, though it is so great an ornament to the landscape, as it was not introduced into this country more than a century and a half ago. Not so the marsh-loving alder, that loves to creep as close to the forest-brook as it can get, and gaze at its own shadow in the water; there is something pretty in the look of its catkins—which children call “cat’s tail”—as they droop and sway backwards and forwards, or drop and float lightly away on the stream; its round, dark-green leaves have also a pleasing appearance, especially when the sunlight gilds them and gives a brighter look to the water in which they are mir-



THOMAS CARLYLE.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

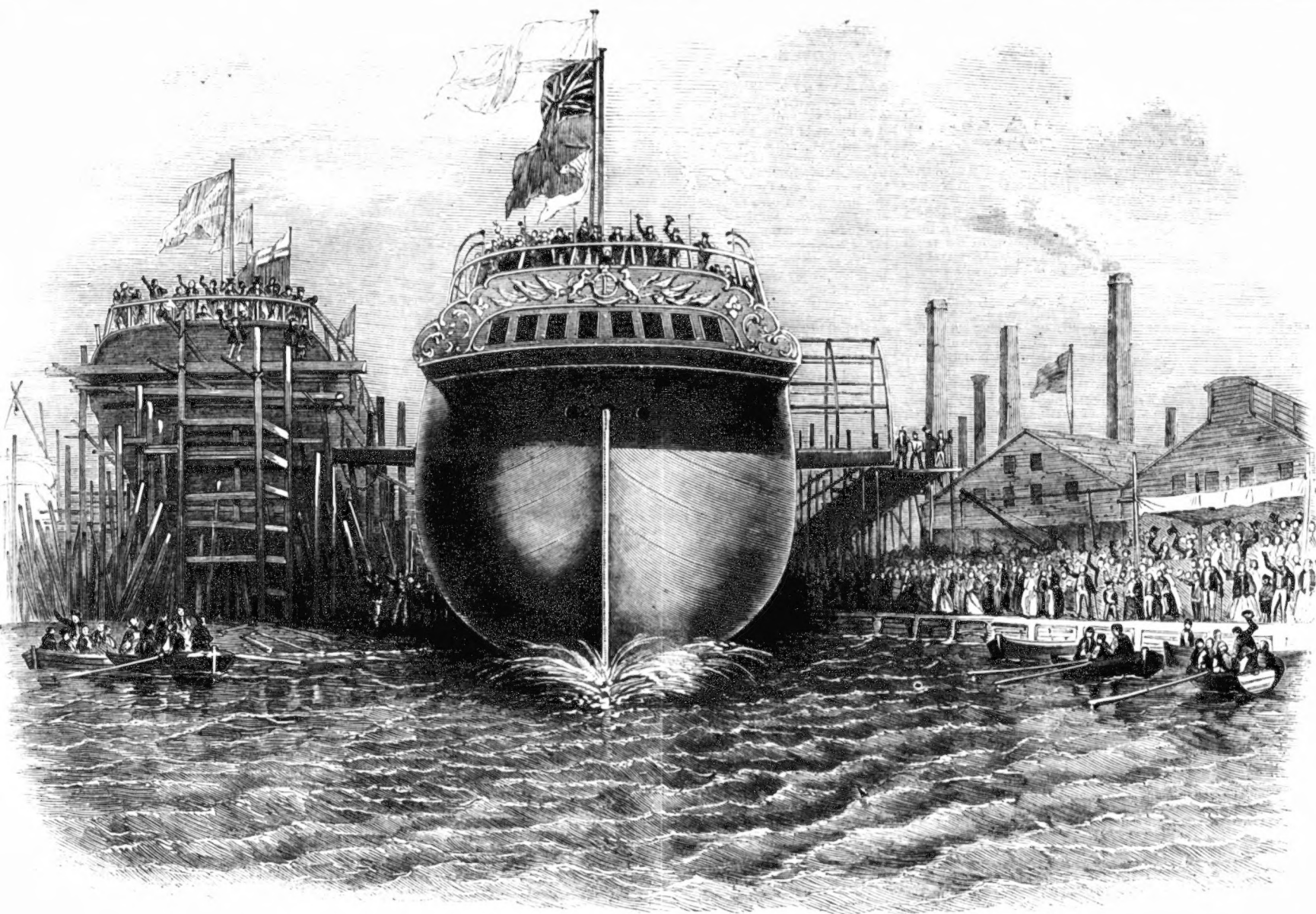
rored. But we have seen sheets of water in the forest scenery, that have had a strange, peculiar look, bordered with black bulrushes and dark shadows over the foliage below, and on the water one in mind of Tennyson’s “Moated Grange.”

“A poplar shook away,
All silver green, with gilded bark,
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste—the round low hills

Not that we think the aspen, or “trembling” tree, as the country people call it, is at all a melancholy tree; but, on the contrary, there is something lively in the look of its leaves—which the highest breeze sets in motion, so that it could not for the life of it be still, but only the faintest breath of air comes blowing up the hill or linden, whose leaves the bees delight to murmur in. The poplar is a graceful tree: it is generally so tall and slender, with branches so smooth, that even a lady can handle them with pleasure. And who is there that has not admired the grace of its blossoms on a calm July night, when the long, shaped leaves seemed to whisper of love, as their tongues babbled together! A few firs or yew-trees, among forest scenery, make an agreeable contrast with the dark masses, and seem to throw out more strikingly the richer and lighter colours of the decaying foliage. It is the destroyer’s touch that gives the keenness to the gaudy leaves of autumn. Summer treasures her treasures to light this funeral pyre, from the hill and painted meadow, trailing all her gaudy garb of bush and brake, and throwing them on the pile, where which she herself expires, amid the spoils that attest her beauty. Amid the forest scenery of autumn, among the beautiful mosses, and hidden under the ferns, and heather, we stumble upon richly-coloured flowers, stained with gaudier hues than the choicest of those some dyed with a deeper gold than ever the summer bore; others wearing a crimson that dims the daisy’s scarlet of the pimpernel; while many are laced with more delicate than that which the anemone shows at the earliest violets of spring. Some are spotted like the pard; others are embossed as with gems like a diamond, and frilled underneath with plaited pearl, delicate hue as the damask of the rose. Above these the thistles shape their plumed helmets, and the willow flowers shake their bright seed-cups, as if eager to be loose, and bury themselves beneath the falling leaves, and they hear the round daisy-buds knocking again to be let out of the earth. So while we muse among the forest scenery of autumn, we are struck with the beauty of what is fading around us, and in the dying flowers and fallen leaves that so recently waved in the full bloom of their loveliness, we trace a melancholy resemblance to fairer forms which we have known, and console ourselves with the thought that they have shot up again from beneath cold fallen leaves, which death strewed over them, and are blooming in the immortal gardens beyond the grave, where the chilling mists of autumn fall not, and the wintry wind never blows, but one eternal summer, crowned with undying flowers, ever reigns.



FOREST IN AUTUMN.



LAUNCH OF THE PARAMATTA, AT BLACKWALL.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE AUTUMN.

THE LAUNCH OF THE PARAMATTA.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company recently resolved to replace their wooden vessels, *Magdalena* and *Orinoco*, with iron ones—the engines of the old ships to be transferred to the new. The *Paramatta* was accordingly commenced, and on Monday week it was launched. She is a magnificent vessel of upwards of 3,000 tons; but notwithstanding her immense size, she is almost as graceful as a pleasure-yacht. Her stern is particularly beautiful, though as to her bow, there are certain critics who object to the form of it. The model, which is from the drawings of Mr. Rennie, bears considerable resemblance to the lines of the *Great Eastern*, and similar anticipations are entertained of the speed of the one vessel as the other.

The launch took place in the presence of a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen, there being amongst the latter Captains Mangles and Whish, directors of the Steam Company; and Messrs. Rolt and Ford, of the Thames Iron Company, who built the ship. Beyond a modest display of bunting over the rails of an improvised balcony, there was no attempt at féte or formality, and it was not until the vessel was actually in motion that the majority of the visitors knew that the launch was going on. The "dogshores" were knocked away with scarcely any noise, and the enormous vessel glided down in the most quiet and unpretending manner until just as she touched the water, when there was for a moment a considerable heel-over, and some apprehensions were felt that she was going to take the water in anything but an upright position. However, she soon righted herself, and floated majestically down the creek. The baptismal ceremony was performed by Miss Whish, daughter of Captain Whish, R.N.

The length of the *Paramatta* between the perpendiculars is 330 feet, and her extreme breadth 43 feet 9 inches, her exact burthen 3,092 tons, and the superficial space allotted to passengers in the main and saloon decks is 270 feet. The vessel will be barque rigged, have paddle-wheels, and fitted with engines of 800 horse power, transferred from the *Orinoco*. The saloon fittings are to be in white and gold, with handsome frieze, and to comprise an efficient system of ventilation on the plan known as Robinson's patent. It is expected that the *Paramatta* and her consort will be the fastest vessels in the Royal Mail fleet.

THE FASHIONS.

At the present season, the cloak is the all-important article of female costume, and its form is a matter of infinitely greater consequence than the make of the dress which is worn beneath it. With regard to dresses (those at least suited to out-door costume), it may be observed that they are characterised by greater simplicity than heretofore. The corsages are high and plain, closed in front by a row of buttons or small bows of ribbon, and the waist is encircled by a ceinture fastened in front by a steel or gold buckle.

Many ladies in Paris (acknowledged leaders of fashion) have already discarded the hoops of cane and steel, which in London have been permitted to assume a most ungraceful degree of expansion, distorting every undulating line of the figure, and concealing all elegance of motion. For judicious English moirine is preferred to any other material. It is found to give sufficient support to the ample folds of the robe, without imparting ungraceful stiffness.

Open sleeves are exclusively reserved for evening dress. Those worn in out-door and morning costume are confined at the wrists, and most frequently have broad turned-up cuffs of needlework.

The newest winter bonnets are considerably deeper in front than those worn during the last few months. Several Parisian *modistes* have indeed adopted a shape which, though it may be decidedly termed *à la vieille*, is none the less becoming to a young and pretty face.

But, as we have already remarked, the important affair of the moment is the outward garment, viz., the *pardessus*, or cloak, under whatever form or name it may present itself. The choice is bewildering among the endless varieties of the bournois, the mantle, the casaque, the basquine, and the casavek. These elegant out-door wraps are made in various materials, velvet, cloth, or silk, and they are richly trimmed with passementerie, braid, guipure, chenille, and fringe; the latter with or without the admixture of jet. The favourite colours are black, brown, green, dark blue, or gray. Tartan velvet has been very fashionable in Paris for cloaks of the bournois form, and trimmings of tartan velvet are much employed for cloaks of gray or brown cloth.

Children's dresses are always matters of deep interest to mothers. On the adornment of little girls fancy and taste seem to have well nigh exhausted every variety of style; and now the love of change is no less manifest in the habiliments of little boys. The long gaiters and the Spanish *sombro* were superseded by the Highland kilt and Glengarry bonnet, and these in their turn are giving place to the long *levite* and the wide pantaloons of the Russian *monjik*. All these national varieties will probably, in their turn, disappear as soon as we obtain authentic models of the juvenile costume worn in China and Japan.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The lady on the left of the principal group wears a *basquine* of black silk trimmed with bands of black velvet. The dress is of black moiré antique. The bonnet is of gray straw, trimmed with royal blue ribbon. The next figure shows a cloak of black velvet, trimmed with rich passementerie and fringe. The bonnet is a combination of black and violet velvet, with a tuft of feathers shaded in the two colours. The third figure shows the back of a black velvet cloak, trimmed with passementerie and guipure. The bonnet is of black chip, with a fauchon of black guipure, and trimming of cerise velvet and flowers. The lady on the extreme right wears a cloak of gray cloth, trimmed with passementerie; bonnet of gosselle-coloured terry velvet. The little girl in the foreground has a frock of dark blue silk, with trimming of velvet of the same colour. The round hat of gray straw is ornamented with a long blue ostrich feather, and blue streamers. The little boy exhibits the costume of the Russian *monjik*, to which we have adverted above.

PRINCE ALFRED ABOARD SHIP.—"The sailors of the *Euryalus* have an anecdote amongst them to the effect that two of the midshipmen during the voyage blackened Prince Alfred's face while he was asleep in his berth, in that spirit of mischief for which these young gentlemen are notorious. The Prince made no complaint, but was up like a skylark before gun-fire next morning, and cut away the hammock strings of the two young gentlemen who had served him so, taking the law into his own hands in true sailor fashion."—Letter from Lisbon.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.—A remarkable accident occurred on the North-Eastern Railway on Thursday week. The engine of the eleven o'clock train from Newcastle to Shields and Sunderland broke down just as they entered a deep cutting, approaching a long tunnel, passing under the village of Heworth; and at the moment that the engine broke down, those in charge of the train knew that a heavy goods train was closely following them, for they had been losing time, and that the fast train from York and Manchester was due on the opposite pair of rails. The guard was despatched back to stop the goods train, if possible, and the passengers were called upon to jump for their lives and clamber up a wall on the opposite side. With the exception of a man that was deaf, they all got out, and made the best of their way across the up-line. They had just got across, but not all up the bank, when the fast train, evidently under full steam, was seen to emerge from the tunnel. The goods train came up at this moment. As the drivers of the engines could not entirely stop their trains in time, they ran into the standing train, and forced a first-class Sunderland carriage, from which the passengers had just jumped, across the up-line. The last carriage came rushing on, and ran at this obstacle, dashing the end of the carriage to pieces, and forcing two or three other carriages of the standing train off the line. The fast train, however, kept its course, and, having ascertained that no one in the other train was killed or severely hurt, the engine-man dashed into the Newcastle station, carrying part of the broken carriage in front of the engine. The only person hurt by the collision was the deaf man, a shipwright, belonging to Shields, who had two of his ribs fractured; and another man, in what manner it has not been stated, was badly cut across the head. The passengers were despatched by special train to Shields and Sunderland, blessing their stars that they all arrived home with whole bones. If they had been caught crossing the up-line by the fast train the consequences must have been very fatal. As it was, several ladies, who had not time to escape on to the embankment, had to be held close to the wall until the train flew past them.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.—PUNCH'S "POCKET-BOOK."

The magazines are not very brilliant this month. "Blackwood" has six articles, four of which are of the heaviest nature. The first is a review of Buckle's "History of Civilisation," which receives a higher standard of admiration, and a greater amount of compliment, than it has yet obtained, although the reviewer seems sorely satisfied with some of the authorities upon which Mr. Buckle's *ditto* are based. An article on "Edward Irving," the once popular preacher, is written in a laudatory tone, which approaches to extravagance. According to this essayist, such a preacher—one at once so good, so eloquent, and so earnest—scarcely ever lived; if his parallel is to be found, suggests the writer, with characteristic national modesty, he must be looked for in the ranks of the Scotch Church, and he even hints that Mr. Caird combines in his own proper person the chief characteristics of Irving and Chalmers. What attracted the crowds to hear Irving was, in a great measure, the peculiarity of his personal appearance, the oddity of his phraseology, and the boldness of his out-speaking, much the same feeling of curiosity which sent fashion, at ten o'clock in the morning, to listen to Mr. Spurgeon, though the New Park Street apostle had neither the learning nor the refinement of his predecessor. Political articles on the well-discussed subjects of Cherbourg and Lord Canning's reply to the Ellenborough despatch, and continuation of "What will he do with it?" and the "Light on the Hearth," make up the number.

Fraser's old correspondent, the "Manchester Man," has a clever, clear-headed, shrewd article upon our "Failures," political and social. Clerical shams, bank-direction humbug, and commercial quackeries of every description, he ruthlessly attacks and exposes. There is an interesting natural history article on "Pelicans;" and a very laudatory essay on Mr. Rarey, the horse-tamer, his system and performances. There is also an article "Concerning Tidiness," pleasantly written but overdone. We are getting rather sick of the perpetual description of the Dutch village of Broek, the paradise of worrying tidy people, which everybody seems to think none but himself has ever seen. The first chapter of a new story, called "Hector Garrett of Otter," is given in this number.

Horace Walpole is just now the stock favourite with the literary dustmen, who put together his letters and anecdotes, print their own name in large letters on the title-page, and imagine themselves first-class authors. One of the race has broken ground this month in his old "Dublin University," in a paper called "Horace Walpole in his old age," pleasantly written, and sufficiently entertaining. The article "Crinoline and Whales" will be more acceptable to the lover of natural history than to the fair sex, who will not care about the learning and wit with which the essay is flavoured, and will learn nothing from it in the way of millinery. The Egyptian papers, "Rides upon Mules and Donkeys," are continued with much spirit.

It is very pleasant to be enabled to report the issue of a good article by the great joke-forcing house in Whitefriars, whose products have, for some years past, been of the feeblest and dullest nature. This year's "Punch's Pocket Book," however, is as good as any published in those days when there were giants. It is perfectly superfluous to say that Mr. Leech's social sketches and coloured frontispiece are admirable; his hand never forgets its cunning, and year by year he improves. But a remarkable thing is, that under Mr. Leech's auspices, Mr. John Tenniel, always a beautiful draughtsman, has learned to be funny, and his cuts are now as noticeable for the humour which pervades them as for their excellent drawing. The letter-press is, as I have said, far beyond the usual mark, and we detect a freshness and raciness which lead one to imagine that, in spite of the absence of all precedent, some young colts have been allowed to gambol among the old hacks so long preserved in the pleasant paddocks of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Be this as it may, the "Horace for Ladies," the "Toothpickers," and the "Penny-a-liner's Verses," are, in themselves, well worth the half-crown which the book costs. There are, of course, a few dull bits, both of prose and verse, but the good greatly preponderates.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Mr. Ronson has appeared with great success in Mr. Morton's farce, "The Thumping Legacy." The pantomime at Covent Garden will not be by Messrs. Brough, as I stated last week, but by Mr. Sutherland Edwards and Mr. Bridgeman.

Mr. Albert Smith arrived in London on Sunday morning, after an absence of less than four months, during which period he has been to Canton and back. He is in excellent health and spirits. Before leaving Hong-Kong he gave a selection from his Mont Blanc entertainment, for the benefit of the native poor, and realised for them upwards of £200. The result was, that he was seized upon by the Chinese, and borne in triumph procession round the city.

THE FIRE AT GREENWICH.—Mr. Richard Roper, the corn-chandler who is charged with arson and attempted fraud, underwent his final examination on Friday (the 12th), before the Greenwich magistrates. Mr. Ingle, who appeared for the defence, said there was reason to believe the man who had written to say he had paid £2 to Mr. Roper as a deposit for his business was now living in the neighbourhood of Maldon. The prisoner was committed for trial on both charges.

AN AMERICAN CLUB IN LONDON.—A number of American residents have established in London an association for social and charitable purposes, and have opened a suite of rooms at 14, Cockspur Street, as a place of réunion. In addition to possessing the character of a club, where American travellers can obtain the latest information from the United States, the association affords advice and assistance to deserving American citizens in distress. The institution has been so highly approved by Mr. Buchanan that he has, at his own request, been elected a member.

VANDALISM.—In the Church of All Souls', Langham Place, was a very fine picture of great value, "Jesus Crowned with Thorns." Some weak-minded person secreted himself in the church, and during the night got up into shreds and completely destroyed the picture. Fanaticism must have been the motive to the outrage, for the letters "I.H.S." were also cut out of the front of the cloth covering the communion table.

ACCIDENT TO TOM THUMB'S EQUIPAGE.—A bull-dog attacked General Tom Thumb's ponies last week, in the streets of Liverpool. The ponies ran at great speed, and the general was in some danger. One of the ponies was seriously wounded, and the carriage broken.

STRANGE ACCIDENT AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.—For some time past periodical lectures have been given to the artisans employed at Woolwich arsenal, each man being allowed to bring two friends. On Saturday evening about 2,000 persons assembled to hear a lecture by a professor of chemistry. The factory had been fitted up with forms, having a railing in front. In the space immediately beyond the railing are two wells, each seventeen feet deep. These wells had not been covered over, and when the lecturer was making some experiments with the Bude light, many of the audience rose and stood upon the seats. One of the forms was thus thrown down, and a young woman named Jane Macarthur fell head-foremost over the railings into one of the wells. The excitement was intense, and the noise arising from the fall led to an impression that the building was giving way, and it was evident that a rush would be made for the doors. But Captains Buxer and Orr, Captain Clark, and other officers, mounted the platform, and succeeded in inducing the audience to remain, thus preventing the fatal consequences which must have ensued had a sudden rush to the doors taken place. The poor young woman was conveyed home, much injured.

THE MORTARA CASE.—The Mortara case has engaged the attention of the committee of the Protestant Association, and that body, in its capacity of vindicator-general of the rights of conscience, has memorialised Lord Malmesbury to do what he can to procure the restoration of young Mortara to his parents. They strengthen their request by pointing to the cases of Dr. Achilli and the Madiaes, foreigners who were imprisoned in Italy for conscience sake, and who were restored to liberty through the intercession of eminent persons in European diplomacy. In the meantime, a report of what happened when the boy's parents went to Rome to see him comes to us in the Piedmontese papers, very different from the account given in the Roman journals. Instead of young Mortara having become a miracle of Catholic piety and devotion to the Church, it seems that he fears the people he lives with, loves his parents, and persists in the Jewish faith. He rushed into his mother's arms when he saw her, declared he would return home, and assured her that he repeated the "Shema"—the creed of the Jews—every day. Letters from Rome state that the Pope "has resolved to modify the existing regulations relative to the baptism of Jewish children."

LAW AND CRIME.

The commercial fraud, which, about two years ago, gave rise to the name of the firm "Dunlop and Gordon," was again brought before the public in a new phase at the Bankruptcy Court on Friday. The bankrupt members of the firm had, during the interval, been going a sentence of imprisonment, they had, however, been released, and chafed with intent to default. They had, however, been released, but from these two charges they escaped upon technical grounds. Last week, they applied to the Bankruptcy Court for a certificate of discharge, the effect of a bankrupt's certificate is, as may be generally known, to free him from arrest upon previous debts. Hereupon arose a point of law. The bankrupts had, perhaps, committed some kind of impropriety in their trade dealings. But for some offences they had been already punished, for others they had not been acquitted—no matter why. The law declares that no man can be put twice in jeopardy for the same offence. How, then, could a commissioner entertain the question of their guilt, in order to a judgment or withholding of their certificate—a postponement, the effect of which would probably be their second imprisonment? This was debated in the court, but the decision of the point was adjourned, in order to form a judgment on the question, it is necessary to remember that the Court of Bankruptcy is not a penal court, but a court of equity for embarrassed traders. It cannot condemn a debtor to a day's imprisonment—it can only interfere beneficially between himself and his common-law rights of his creditor. A previous punishment may be taken into computation in the postponement of such relief. In applying to the Court, the fraudulent debtor does not place himself a second time in "jeopardy;" for, if his application fails, he is not where he would be did no such tribunal exist. Moreover, if the contrary opinion be entertained, the power of the court in classifying the certificate is at least as much a penal power as that of postponing it. Consequently, to avoid punishing a rogue twice by giving him a second class certificate, he must have one of the first class, entailing him in the consideration due to an honest but unfortunate trader, solely because his misdealings have been so flagrant as to render him amenable to the law!

To lose a hard-fought trial, is a misfortune which may happen to the most righteous party to a suit. His side may be overruled in fact; the judge may be opinionated and obstinate; the jury wrong; evidence may fail, or facts be misstated by the opposition. But to be beaten by a miserable bit of glass, by a mere ordinary lens, is a misfortune which only the sufferer can appreciate. It happened to Mr. Langmead Levy, whose name may be familiar to the public in connection with other matters. One Mrs. Cassagne owed a Mrs. Twyross £22. Mrs. C. gave Mrs. T. a bill for the amount, and the bill was discounted by Mr. Levy, who held it, discovered, when it became due, that Mrs. Cassagne was a married woman. Her husband was therefore applied to, and he said that his wife managed those things, in consequence of illness. Another stamp was then brought, and across this Mrs. Cassagne wrote an acceptance. Mr. Levy was then, as will be seen, in a position to prove her authority so to do. When the bill came to maturity, it was found to be for £49 15s. It was sued upon, and the action was defended. Mrs. C. swore that the bill had been accepted by her in blank—she believing that it was to be filled up for £22. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant, Mr. Cassagne. The plaintiff asked for a new trial. Chief Baron Pollock examined the bill through a magnifying lens. "If," said his Lordship, "if a man makes a stroke on a piece of paper with a pen, and afterwards crosses it, by the aid of a microscope the second stroke may be distinctly seen as lying over the first. By the aid of the glass, I am able to discover that the hole in some of the letters in the body of the bill come over the signature, and were made after the signature to the bill." The verdict for the defendant is, therefore, not to be disturbed.

Bennett, the firework maker, the husband of the unfortunate "Madame Coton," who was killed by a recent disastrous explosion of a portion of his stock, whereby his house in the Westminster Road was destroyed, was tried at the Old Bailey for manslaughter and convicted. Against this conviction he appealed before the Criminal Court of Appeal. Arguments having been heard on both sides, the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn decided to quash the conviction, on the ground that the accident was not by the immediate act or default of the prisoner. Bennett had placed fireworks in his house, and some one else had negligently exploded them. It was therefore not the negligence of keeping the fireworks, but that of setting light to them, which had caused the disaster. Let us imagine this principle applied to a somewhat similar case. A chemist at Bradford keeps a large quantity of phosphorus, and his assistant, by a mistake, sells it to some one else, who passes a few hundred people in the neighbourhood, and kills at least a score. Therefore, it would seem, by this rule, that the chemist is not in fault. Nevertheless, Hodgson the chemist has been committed for trial.

A lady was captured by a policeman, in the vicinity of Primrose Hill, and was taken off to the station-house upon a charge of being drunk and disorderly. She was at length bailed out. This fact shows some improvement in the police system, since it is not long ago that a lady, in a state of bodily illness, was wrongfully imprisoned on a similar charge, and died in the cell during the night, bail having been peremptorily refused. In the case which we commenced by relating, the sheriff only attended on the following morning before the magistrate, and announced that the prisoner of the previous evening was suffering severely from her incarceration and was too ill to attend. The magistrate required a medical certificate to that effect, and intimated, that in default of such certificate or prisoner's attendance, the bail would be forfeited. One fact in connection herewith deserves especial notice. Some of the journals, following the police-reporter's copy, gave the full name and address of this unfortunate lady. Now this is certainly a flagrant abuse of the liberties of the press. It is worthy of condemnation as exhibiting a principle on which the "liner" inquires works. "John Smith, 34, labourer," may be the description of a fellow who robs a church, but if an unhappy lady or gentleman is an unguarded hour, or at a period of unfavourable health, takes an inconvenient quantity of fermented liquor, or even happens to be charged, rightly or wrongly, with so doing, the police-reporter at once publishes to the world the description of the offender, even to the number of his residence, inflicting, for no earthly purpose, a disgraceful stigma which no amount of previous or subsequent good conduct can wholly remove.

BURGLARY.—Mr. Francis Dickinson, an old man seventy years of age, resides with his wife at Tatham Bobbin Mill, about three miles from Braham, near Manchester. About two o'clock on the morning of Thursday week, the house was entered by several burglars, who proceeded upstairs, once to the bed-room of the aged couple, and struck at the head of the old man with a piece of iron. Mr. Dickinson cried out to his wife that he had been hit with a stone, his assailant repeating the blows until Mr. Dickinson became insensible. The brute then seized Mrs. Dickinson by the throat, exclaiming, "Give me your money, or your life," upon which the poor old woman became insensible too. Mr. Dickinson's skull was fractured.

AN OLD STORY OF LOVE AND MURDER.—A man has been apprehended at Fleur-de-lys, in Monmouthshire, charged with committing a murder in one of the Welsh counties thirty-three years ago. The circumstances of the case, as they are reported, are these:—In or about the year 1826 a man named Price, alleged to be the prisoner, lived in Carmarthenshire, where he was paying his addresses to a young Welshwoman. Another young woman named Williams, became attached to the same girl, and frequent quarrels arose between the rivals. The girl herself seems to have first encouraged one, and then the other, but exhibited no decided or permanent preference for either, and this increased the ill feeling between Price and Williams. At length they agreed to "fight out" the dispute in a field. In the course of the struggle, it appears, Price got his opponent to the ground, and struck him with a knife. The unfortunate man died—soon after, and his murder was escaped. Last week, a man who formerly knew all the parties happened to be on business at Fleur-de-lys. Here he saw the prisoner, and told him to be no other than Price, who committed the murder. He was apprehended and brought before the magistrates at Newport on Saturday, and remanded before any particulars were gone into. The prisoner is a 200-headed man.

THE DEBY MINISTRY. A Series of Cabinet Pictures, comprising Sketches of the Earl of Derby, the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, Lord Chelmsford, Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Malmesbury, the Right Hon. E. Bulwer Lytton, Sir John Pakington, J. Henley, General Peel, Lord Stanley, and Lord John Manners.

London: George Routledge and Co., Farringdon Street.

